THE OWL HOUSE
GRIMOIRE
A FANBOOK OF GRATITUDE

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The Owl House Grimoire: A Fanbook of Gratitude is a non-profit celebration of The Owl House television series written by Dana Terrace.

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WILD MAGIC

101

GROOM

LORD OF THE THINGS
J.R.TELLKIEN
BLIGHT
JACKET POTATOO 23

Sins Of A Father

Written by Taruchinator
Illustrated by BiankatDraws

"We leave at sunrise."

Raine Whispers ended the briefing with that statement, removing their hands from the single wooden table in the room and encouraging everyone to disperse and prepare for the battle to come. And so, they did.

Everyone did, except for Alador Blight.

Alador wasn't really sure of where he should go, or *what* he should do, if he was being honest.

He'd already given all the information he thought would be useful regarding the Abomatons before the briefing— everything from their strengths to their weaknesses. He was also able to work alongside the Construction Coven Head a few days prior on their hideout's defense system, which was quite lacking at the time. He'd even helped in mundane tasks such as treating the injured and scouting for supplies.

The man had given everything he could for this cause. It was the least he could do after aiding the Emperor in his conquest to erase magic. Unknowingly, sure, but still assisted in some way.

Before he could think much of it, he let his feet guide him to wherever he should go next, as he left the safety of the hideout looking for some fresh air, and eventually found himself in a small field behind the abandoned building. Patches of grass that hadn't yet been affected by the

Collector's magic surrounded him, and reminded the man of home.

Suddenly he heard voices which immediately put him on high alert, until he turned to see who they belonged to, and his heart couldn't help but squeeze somewhat painfully.

In the distance he could see his children, doing what could only be described as training, along with the human— Luz— and the Golden Guard— Hunter.

Edric and Emira were using their illusion magic to create multiple opponents for the others to fight, Hunter moving at high velocity as he evaded and went on the offensive when he saw an opening. Meanwhile, Luz was utilizing glyphs to amplify his daughter's attacks, which was a great strategy as multiple illusions were being erased in an instant thanks to the purple slime coming from Amity's pouch.

Alador smiled at the display.

To think that in a matter of *months* his children would become so strong, not only using the magic tracks he and Odalia had assigned to them at birth, but also other types that he'd never even considered before. *Glyphs, Healing, Potions, Beast Keeping.*

He was proud of them. So *very* proud. He wanted nothing more than to let them know that, and be sure that they knew it every day of their lives, and to apologize. Titan, he had *so much* apologizing to do.

He could only hope he wasn't too late for that.

"Alador Blight basking in the sunlight? Never thought I'd see the day." A deep voice suddenly rang on his left side, which immediately sent the engineer into a fight or flight response as he summoned abomination slime from his pocket towards the stranger.

Before it could make contact however, another magical force interfered with a slime barrier of its own. The annoyed scowl behind the counterattack was one that Alador knew far too well. "Relax you buffoon, it's me."

Alador must have been more tired than he initially thought. To not notice someone's presence so close to him would've been a mistake that could cost him his life, even if it was just an ally. That was probably the best word he could use to describe his and Darius' relationship: allies with a common goal. Still, that didn't mean he had to pretend to be friendly with him. "Leave me alone."

Both men released their magic at the same time, with the brunet deciding to return to his previous task as if nothing had happened. He sat down on the patch of flora with his back turned away, yet he could already *feel* the indignant glare sent his way. "You know, most witches would at *least* have the decency to say hello. Although I suppose you've never been one for formalities."

"I'm not in the mood, Deamonne. If something went haywire in the control room, I'll fix it once I'm back." Alador let out a sigh as he combed a hand through his hair in annoyance. What other reason would Darius have to come and bother looking for him anyway? A moment of silence went by, and for a second he thought the other man might've actually left.

However, that option was quickly shot off the table as Alador dared to look to his side once more.

The Abomination Coven Head was still standing there, although if Alador didn't know any better, he seemed rather fidgety. His expression kept shifting from the ground the engineer was sitting on, to the view on the horizon. Seemingly making up his mind, Darius inserted a hand into his pocket and retrieved a lavender colored piece of cloth. He couldn't be serious.

"Really? A handkerchief?" Alador quipped with a hint of amusement in his voice as the other man placed the piece of fabric on the floor, and hesitantly, sat next to him.

Darius was not making eye contact, but the brunet could still see the blush tainting his cheeks. "I thought you weren't in the mood to talk. Make up your mind, hack."

Taking that response as a small victory, Alador couldn't help but roll his eyes with a soft chuckle escaping his lips. Just like that, silence overtook the air once more as the sun began to set, leaving a beautiful glow in its wake for the duo to see.

Despite how much he hated to admit it, Darius was right. It had been far too long since Alador had taken the time to admire nature at its finest. The intricate designs in a flower's petals, the strength of a carnivorous plant while capturing its prey, the resistance of hard oak wood to the elements. It was all incredibly inspiring for an inventor such as himself.

It wasn't until Odalia convinced him to use his talents for machines instead, that he forgot how much he enjoyed experimenting with all kinds of materials in his youth.

There were *plenty* of things Odalia convinced him to do.

"So this is why you were so distracted during the meeting." Darius broke the silence with a statement rather than a question, staring straight ahead and causing Alador to turn to where the other was looking.

His eyes landed once more on the young teens, who'd apparently decided to change their roleplay this time by having Luz, Amity and Hunter as the offenders, while Edric and Emira deflected. The twins were holding on surprisingly well considering they were outnumbered.

The engineer would have admired it more comfortably if he was alone. Yet alas.

“I wasn’t distracted. I guess that nasty habit of sticking your nose into people’s business is still going, then?” Alador replied with an unwavering gaze towards the training session.

Something similar to a snort escaped the other man’s lips. “Please, an *infant* could tell that your mind was wandering. It also becomes my business when someone could potentially jeopardize the mission. We’ve spent too many resources on this for it to fail.”

“I am aware. *I’m* the one who was able to find the location of those resources.” Alador spared a side glance towards his companion just in time to see him roll his eyes. He carried on as if the engineer hadn’t said anything at all.

“In any case, I should be grateful that my inkling was wrong. To think I thought the cause of your brain fart was something important, not your little ‘family drama.’” Darius vaguely gestured in the teen’s direction with a dismissive hand.

The words he’d said, however, were anything *but* dismissive to Alador. A strange and impulsive feeling overtook him for a moment, causing him to turn around and face the other man with a scowl that could have terrified Emperor Belos himself. Anger caused his face to flare and his tone to rise. “My family is far more important to me than anything this rebellion stands for!”

Darius stared back at him with mouth agape, and it was only then that the brunet realized what he’d said. His own eyes widened as he turned to look at the ground beneath him instead, refusing to look anywhere else.

He shouldn’t be dumping his problems on others. Especially on *Darius* of all people.

As for the Coven Head, he seemed to be fidgeting in that awkward way from earlier, playing with the hem of his gloves and tapping one foot quietly. His voice wavered for a moment. “I... I didn’t mean to imply-”

“Don’t. Just forget it. I don’t need your pity.” Alador’s voice mumbled firmly. If there was still any dignity left for him to defend, he didn’t know. But he definitely wouldn’t give the other man the satisfaction to see him like this.

Like the failure that he was.

“I... I know it’s not exactly the same. But I can somewhat understand what you’re feeling, Blight.” Darius didn’t back off, because of course he wouldn’t, and instead replied with that statement while trying to meet the engineer’s gaze.

However, the words that were spoken served as more fuel to his rage, in which Alador scoffed and lifted his head to look at his old friend with furrowed eyebrows. He reached forward and took hold of Darius’ collar with all the strength he had left. It wasn’t much. “Understand? You’re the *last* person who could understand what I’m feeling right now! I know I wasn’t a good husband— Titan knows I wasn’t a good father, either! But for you to be rubbing it in my face like that-!”

“Oh *shut up* and listen for once, you idiot!” Darius raised his voice in return and went to try and remove Alador’s grip from his neck, eyes filled with anger of his own. “You really think I couldn’t possibly understand?! The constant feeling of regret because you could’ve done *more* and yet you *didn’t?!* Always wanting what’s best for them, only to realize too late that what you thought was best wasn’t enough!”

Alador’s eyes widened at the sudden lashing of rage, but even more so at the words coming from Darius’ lips. “How do you know that?”

Seeming to have realized what he’d said as well, the man pulled away from the brunet’s grasp and turned elsewhere with an unreadable expression. Following his line of sight, Alador found himself even more confused.

They were staring at the kids in the distance once more, this time seemingly taking a break as they remained sitting down and exchanging drinks. Light banter and laughter could be heard, and the brunet had to admit that it was a lovely sight. But following Darius’ gaze more closely, it almost seemed like he was looking at...

"The Golden Guard?" The question left his lips before he could stop it, but the way the other man's shoulders seemed to tense up in response was enough of an answer. It was perhaps against his better judgment, but he was intrigued. "Did you talk to him much when you were in the Emperor's Coven?"

Taking a deep breath, Darius proceeded to pinch the bridge of his nose as he let out a shaky sigh. "Only for official business. It wasn't just me— everyone just talked to him when needed or if they wanted to relay something to Belos. Completely unfazed by the fact that they were talking to a literal *child."*

With a quick clench of his fists, Darius turned his attention to the sky above. The red and orange hues signaling the arrival of nightfall were breathtaking, but Alador could tell that the other man wasn't looking at that. His stare was long and far beyond anything the engineer could imagine, and if he was being honest, it almost looked as if there were tears in his eyes.

"After the previous Golden Guard disappeared, I grew curious." Darius continued his tale, this time with a hint of what could only be described as melancholy in his voice. "By the time I found out the truth, Hunter had already been chosen as the next. I knew what that man was doing to him. I saw it *every day,* and I did *nothing* to stop it."

A choked laugh went past the Coven Head's lips as he shook his head in disbelief. "I thought... as long as I was there, I could protect him if things got out of hand. And look how that turned out..."

Silence fell between them, and for the first time in his life, Alador didn't know how to fix it. The way the other man expressed himself and spoke about the blond boy was something the inventor never thought he'd see, and yet here he was, looking at a man who didn't seem like a Coven Head and instead resembled his old friend from many years ago.

A man who found something much more valuable than his pride.

A man very much like himself.

Before he could stop himself, the brunet reached into his left pocket and retrieved a folded piece of paper, which he wordlessly handed over to Darius sitting next to him.

He merely blinked as he stared at Alador's hand. "What is that?"

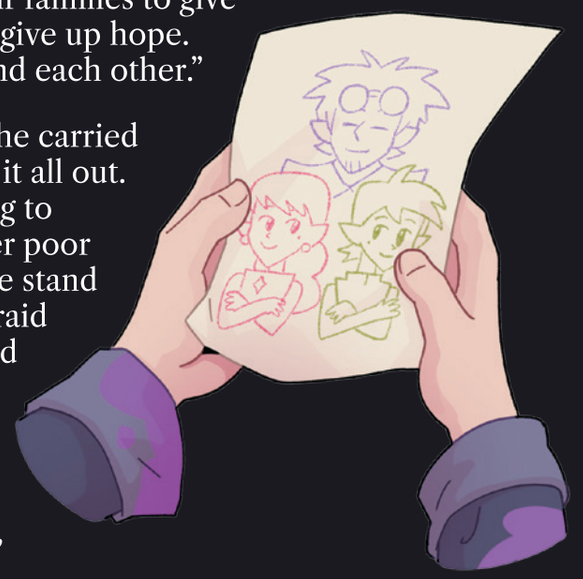
"Just take it." He encouraged once more with his arm, and finally felt the other grab it after a few more moments of hesitation. After hearing the rustling from the paper being unfolded, Alador closed his eyes with a sigh.

Once he'd reunited with his children and learned of Amity's travels in the Human Realm, he was surprised with a gift from his youngest daughter in the form of that same piece of paper that Darius was holding.

It was a family portrait.

His dear Mittens wasn't the most artistically inclined, but he could tell that she'd done her best with what she had. Smiling versions of himself and the twins were staring back at him from the crinkly paper, and the way Amity excitedly talked about where she'd been and everything she'd seen just melted his heart on the spot.

Even now, thinking back on the purpose of the drawing was enough to get him choked up. "When the children were trapped in the Human Realm, they drew pictures of their families to give them the strength needed to not give up hope. Amity gave it to me once we found each other."



Turning his attention to the sky, he carried on, finally allowing himself to let it all out. "My daughter spent *months* trying to find a way home to us. To *me*. Her poor excuse of a father who didn't dare stand up for her because he was too afraid of her mother, and left her to fend for herself. I could've stopped it— I could've stood up to Odalia sooner, but I *didn't!* And yet," he raised his head to look at the smiling girl on the horizon,

“she’s still willing to forgive me. Titan knows why...”

These thoughts had plagued his mind for a while now, but he’d been dismissive of them and focused on his inventions instead, trying to avoid confrontation while convincing himself that it was all for a better cause. In reality, he was running away.

But he didn’t want to run anymore. Not ever again.

“For what it’s worth... they seem much happier. It doesn’t make up for what you did, but I think it’s a start.” Darius handed the family portrait back to its owner with the ghost of a smile. “All we can do is try harder.”

“And hope we get it right this time.” Alador found himself concurring with the statement, returning the friendly gesture as he held the poor picture of the people he loved the most in his hands. He couldn’t help but chuckle. “Never in a million years did I think *you’d* be giving *me* parental advice.”

As quickly as it came, any hint of sympathy for the engineer was wiped off Darius’ face as he turned to look ahead once more. “Well, don’t get used to it. I just need you in top form if we’re gonna pull this whole stunt off.”

“Oh of course, whatever you say...”

“Dad?”

Amity’s voice resonated in Alador’s ears, bringing an instant smile to his face as he turned to face the teens walking towards them. He quickly stood from the ground to receive them. “Kids! Nice training session! You’re getting better every day!”

Emira sheepishly cocked her head to the side, the others only falling behind her by a few steps. “Wait, you saw all of that? Sheesh dad, how long have you been spying on us?”

“It’s not like that, I-”

“We noticed you were missing from the rest of the group and came looking for you. It’s getting late, so you shouldn’t be wandering around by

yourselves.” Darius quickly made himself known as he injected into the conversation, sparing Alador of any embarrassment. He’d have to thank him for that later.

“Please, we can handle ourselves just fine! We’ve been to the Human Realm, which for your information, is in fact *very* dangerous.” Hunter joined in as he glanced at Darius with skepticism.

“Oh I’m sure that you can, Little Prince! It was actually so nice of you to let the Blight kids overpower you like that! Give them the confidence they need by taking down an elite~” Ruffling the boy’s hair affectionately, Hunter began squirming and swatting away with a blush decorating his features, complaining for the older man to cut it out.

As he looked around the laughing group, Alador couldn’t help but sigh in content.

There was no telling what the battle to come would bring. But if there was one thing for certain, it was that no matter what, he wouldn’t be going at it alone.

DEAR GOLDEN GUARD.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE.

IT WASN'T EASY, LIVING WITH YOUR ABSENCE CONSTANTLY WEIGHING ON ME.
I'VE COME TO REALIZE THAT I NEVER STOPPED CHASING YOUR SHADOW.

AND THAT THE HOLE YOU LEFT BEHIND HAD BLINDED ME IN WAYS I NEVER COULD HAVE PREDICTED.
BUT, HUNTER... WHAT A FOOL I 'VE BEEN.
HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE A SHADOW.

DENIAL AND BITTERNESS WERE NEVER MEANT TO HEAL MY GRIEVING HEART.

BY TITAN, IT'S BEEN HARD. BUT YOU HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO BELIEVE IN A BRIGHTER FUTURE.
AND IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY...
HOW DO YOU DO THIS PART?
HERE. LET ME JUST SHOW YOU...
THERE'S NOTHING A GOOD STITCH WORK CAN'T FIX.

EILIMATION

STEVE
Thank you for everything Willow!

Mistakes are About Learning Lessons

Written by themadauthoress13

To say the three of them were exhausted would be putting it mildly.

After she'd spent time comforting Luz and sending off flowers, Amity eventually joined back up with her father and siblings. Despite her attempting to volunteer to help clean up the damage the transformed ex-warden had caused, Alador brushed off hers and the twins' offers to repair the damages in favor of doing it himself. It was a school night after all. So, with nothing left to do, the three made their way back to the manor alone. Thankfully Odalia was out of town on business, so no one was home to question their disheveled states.

With no plans for the rest of the night— or supervision for that matter, given that their dad had been sleeping at the factory to deal with the increased orders from the Emperor's Coven— a simple plan was made.

They'd chosen her room to settle into and decompress for the night; a sort of impromptu sleepover. One call later and dinner was on the way. She and Edric had barely sat down before Emira darted out of the room, saying something about grabbing a first aid kit to take care of the injuries that her magic couldn't, leaving Edric and Amity alone together.

An awkward silence filled the room. While conversations could be held between all three of the siblings quite easily, the fact of the matter was that Emira was usually the icebreaker.

With her sister, she could talk about more sensitive topics, like crushes

and helping learn how to change grades so Odalia wouldn't lose it when she saw. With their dad, as rough and rare as the conversations were sometimes, there was still the fact that they could at least talk about abominations and some of his latest projects. Heck, even with *Odalia*, though the conversations were awful and usually ended up dealing more than a few points of mental damage, at least had a clear subject to discuss. With Edric, the two simply hadn't found anything to really bond over.

She'd tried getting him interested in Azura, but he'd ended up not being able to make it through the first half of book one. She'd also tried getting him involved with the children's storytime at the library, thinking that he could use his natural creativity and illusion magic to help make the stories more entertaining. However, that had very quickly gotten out of hand after he'd ended up going overboard in making a monster to match one in the books, only to end up making some of the children cry, resulting in him receiving a one week ban from the premises.

He'd tried drawing her into his fireworks business or prank planning, but she simply didn't have the touch for getting the mixes right, resulting in more than a couple of burns that Emira had been annoyed to have to heal, and also lacked the subtly required to not spoil anything ahead of time. They'd tried to do new things together as well. New hobbies, music, but it seemed that they simply couldn't find *any* sort of shared interests, no matter how hard they tried.

Amity would be lying if she said that she didn't still feel awkward when it came to talking to her older siblings. That wasn't to say that *they* didn't act a bit awkward around *her* too. Sure, the three of them started treating each other better. They had drastically cut down on their pranks, were willing to do whatever they could to help her with Luz, and had even stuck up for her to Odalia a few times.

She no longer let the teachers or Principal Bump in on any stunts they were planning that she'd caught wind of, no longer discounted their illusion skills as worthless tricks, and even started taking a page from their book and began pulling her own, albeit weaker, pranks on them. But none of that changed the past. None of it erased what had been said or done over the years for the singular goal of hurting each other.

So yeah, things were still a bit tense.

She decided to take initiative and break the silence. "That was impressive." Judging from the little jump of surprise, Edric hadn't been expecting her to strike up some sort of conversation. When she saw the look of confusion on his face, she cleared her throat before clarifying. "The potions I mean— the one that turned Wrath into that creature. That sort of thing could really help with your pranks, in smaller doses."

The compliment seemed to shake him a bit. For a second, there was slight pride in his eyes, before shifting into something more keen to disappointment. "It..." He couldn't stop the sigh that slipped out. "It wasn't supposed to do that. I got impatient and tried to rush it. My first chance to show someone what I could do and I ended up blowing it."

"I mean, yeah it backfired, but I wouldn't call the fact that you still knew what you were doing *and* knew how to fix it almost immediately 'blowing it'."

"What would *you* call it then, Miss Top Student?"

She looked at him with a kind smile. "Learning a lesson for next time. Like I said, the fact that this was your first time trying to make, um... what were you trying to make again?"

"A blabber serum. Miss Eda needed it to get some info from the ex-warden. I was just following her instructions."

"Instructions that I'm sure any novice with absolutely no training in potions would struggle to understand. And yet you would have gotten it right on your first try. You've got skills, Ed." She had to bite her tongue to keep herself from adding *'I wish I had noticed sooner'.*

Much to her happiness, the look of disappointment in his eyes seemed to be replaced by a spark of happiness. Good. Sadness didn't fit him in the slightest. "You really think so?"

"Big time. Heck, from the time I spent chained to that awful friendship with Boscha, and on the rare moments she wasn't talking about Grudgby or ruining someone's social life just for kicks, she'd always complain

about how complicated some of the potions were. A blabber serum is high level stuff, maybe even advanced track level studies! And the fact that you knew how to reverse the whole mess without even knowing what the potion you'd accidentally made was, takes a lot of quick thinking. Maybe you should start looking into the multi-track program."

She'd meant the last bit as a sort of light hearted joke. Edric had never been a fan of school, so the idea of him taking on any additional work was somewhat comical. What she hadn't expected was the sheepish smile he'd shot her way. "What?"

"Well... it's funny you say that." He swallowed nervously before continuing. "While you went off with Luz, Em and I did some talking and came to the same sort of conclusion. The both of us did, actually."

To say she was shocked would be to call a slitherbeast a puppy. "You're switching tracks? Both of you?"

She couldn't believe what she was hearing. Sure, she'd known about her brother's interest in Beast-Keeping for a while, and had even been the first to discover his smuggling of Batric home after their training trip to the Knee. And yes, she'd seen and experienced first-hand Emira's secretive studies with healing magic over the years. But actually hearing it out loud? It didn't seem real.

"Not exactly. We're staying in the Illusions track, but we're also branching out. Em's going to be dual tracking between that and Healing, and I'm going to be studying Beast-Keeping and Potions, along with my Illusion studies. Turns out Bump was at the brawl too. Em and I ran into him while trying to help clean up. The three of us got to talking, and after a recommendation from Miss Eda, that we had to convince Bump not to ignore, we came to an agreement."

Shifting closer towards his younger sister, he continued. "We've got an appointment with Bump in two days to fill out the forms and make it official. That's actually one of the reasons why we were talking with dad after the chaos ended. Since we're still minors, we need a parent or guardian to sign the forms, and mom isn't exactly an option for that sort of thing. She'd probably start screaming and pull us out to be homeschooled or something."

Amity giggled at the comment, knowing full well her mother was capable of doing that. However a question plagued her mind. "But you two have never been in different classes before. Won't-?"

"Won't I be lonely? Is that what you were going to ask?" After a guilty pause, she nodded, prompting a sigh from Edric. "I'm not going to lie, that's just about the only thing I don't like about this. Em and I have always been together. And yeah, it's going to be an adjustment not sharing *every* class together anymore, but maybe that's what's best for both of us. You've seen how happy Em gets when she manages to heal something successfully!"

A small smile tugged at his lips at the thought of his twin. "Helping people makes her happy, and she deserves that, and more importantly, she deserves to meet people who also feel that way. As for me, getting to help Miss Eda with the potions today and getting to see them in action was a rush, the same kind of rush when I met Batric at the Knee! Illusions are fun to mess around with, yeah, but if I'm being honest, I can't really see a future for myself there, not with illusions alone I mean..."

Bringing his knees closer to his chest, he let out a small chuckle as he stared at the floor. "Heck, for the first in a long time, I actually *can't wait* for school to come. Isn't that a riot? The family slacker who probably wouldn't have made it through middle school without his sister's help, actually *excited* to study! So yeah, it's going to be difficult for a bit, but I think in the long run, it will be an amazing experience."

It was odd, hearing something so logical come from the teen. Amity couldn't help but smirk before nudging him in the arm. "When did you get so mature?"

"Shortly after that showcase debacle a few weeks back." He returned her nudge. "Guess you could say I found a good influence and wanted to start making my own decisions."

It was nice, getting to joke around without it feeling awkward. Of course, the awkwardness did return slightly when a worried look grew on his face. "This may sound stupid, but can you pretend you don't know about us going into the program around Em? She was really *excited* for the two

of us to tell you together later tonight, and you know she'll *kill me* if she finds out I snitched."

"Not a word to her, I promise. Or mom for that matter. Though, good luck keeping it a secret when she sees your new uniforms."

"Got that covered! After that little stunt she pulled with your little squad, she's not exactly high on Bump's friend list. So he's agreed to let us keep our illusion track uniforms for leaving school and coming home, along with agreeing to only contact Dad for any conferences for our new tracks. They're also going to be sending out two copies of our report cards. One with our illusion track grades will be sent to the house, and one with the grades for our new classes will be sent to dad's PO box."

"Dad has a *PO box?*"

"Apparently. He said something about opening it a few years ago to order a few things mom wouldn't have approved of. He hasn't gotten to check it a lot because of the Abomaton orders, so we agreed to check it for him in exchange for doing all the school stuff, *and* bringing him some actual food when we can. He said some of the assistants used to bring him takeout from time to time, but after Mom fired them, not even Goregash would deliver to the factory. Everyone was too afraid they'd have to deal with her, and she'd personally call and have the place black listed."

With a small sigh, he turned to her with a sheepish smile. "He manages to sneak out about once a month between orders to get some stuff to replenish his stash, but with the order from the Emperor's Coven keeping him so busy and her breathing down his neck, he hasn't had the time to slip off into town for a while. A diet of coffee and Hex Mix gets old real fast."

"That's... I'd say that's unbelievable but that honestly seems like something she'd do."

"You were amazing tonight too, you know that right?"

"Oh you're just saying that."

"Mittens, you're the top student in the Abominations track for a reason.

Do you think another one of your classmates could have pulled off what you did with dad out there, let alone have the courage to throw themselves into an illegally held brawl, holding their own against grown adults, all while managing to balance their own problems with helping their girlfriend out? Not even close! Certainly not that three-eyed rat you used to hang out with. Bet she doesn't know the difference between a fog brew and a hair dye potion."

While the dig at her ex-friend brought a smile to her face, the ending caught her attention even more. "...Edric, is that why you had blue hair a few weeks ago?"

He hesitated to answer, looking away to avoid eye contact. "...Like you said, mistakes are about learning lessons. In that situation, I learned that Barcus, while skilled in magic, has awful handwriting. Paw-writing? Penmanship, *awful* penmanship. But at least I figured out how to reverse it before the potion stuck!"

"And would that happen to be why mom's carriage ride home from the investors meeting got delayed due to 'sudden heavy fog' last week? On the same night that you and Em had friends over and I was late coming back from a date with Luz?"

"I admit to nothing without a lawyer or Em present."

"A sentence I'm sure you'll be using a lot in your adult life, especially if you keep training with Eda."

His face seemed to light up. "Do you really think she'll let me keep training with her after tonight?"

"I mean, if she didn't force Luz to go home after her, Gus, and Willow ended up animating Hooty and the entire Owl House during their Moonlight Conjuring, I doubt that she'd stop allowing *you* to study with her over a simple botched potion."

"That was *them?!* I thought her sister had done that out of spite to make Hooty bring Miss Eda to the Emperor's Coven against her will or something."

"I think you're giving her a little *too* much credit. She and the Emperor's scouts couldn't even get close to the house without Hooty taking them out. No way she'd ever be able to get close enough to cast a spell *that* powerful without him knowing."

"Hard to believe they're sisters."

"Agreed."

"...You don't think the three of us will ever be like that, do you?"

"Like who? Eda and Miss Lilith?"

"Yeah. I mean, we haven't cursed you or anything but Em and I certainly haven't treated you the best. I don't think either of us would blame you if you ever wanted to get any sort of revenge..."

"Well, if I'm being honest, I think the three of us are already like them." She took note of the saddened look that appeared on his face as she spoke. "I don't mean in a bad way! Yeah, you and Em didn't treat me the best, but I certainly didn't treat you the best either. My go-to response was usually just to rat you out, rather than actually talk to you about how your pranks made me feel."

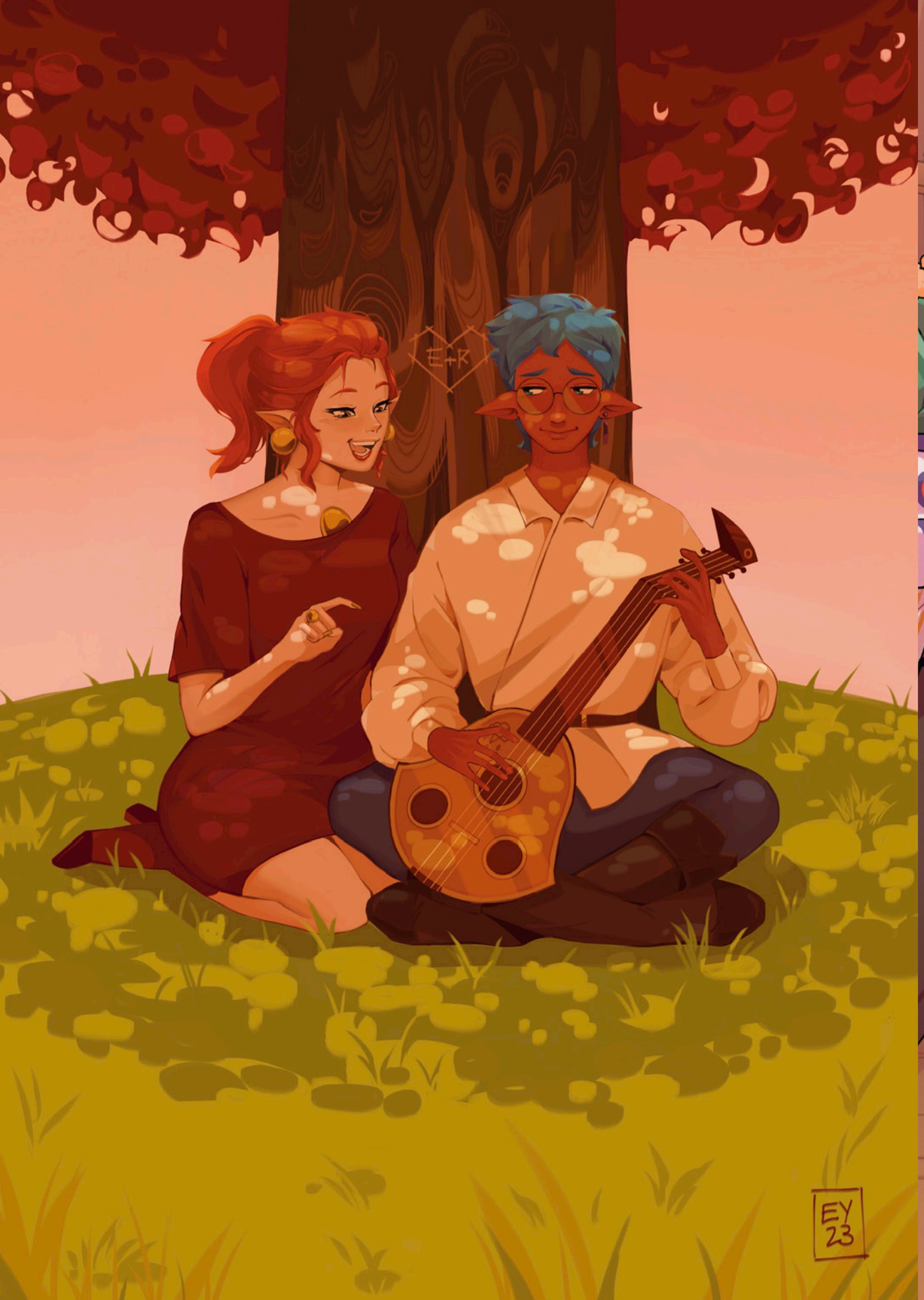
Twiddling with her thumbs, she continued. "The thing is, despite the cursing and their relationship being awful for so long, Eda and Miss Lilith didn't keep it like that. After the whole petrification incident, they started working on it together, and now look at them. They're on speaking terms! Their *whole family* has been rebuilding their bonds from what Luz has told me. Yeah, they still get into petty fights from time to time, but that's what siblings do."

"So, yeah, I do think the three of us are like them. We weren't the best to each other, that's for sure. But we didn't let it stay like that. We realized our mistakes and are working every day to fix them and do better. Yes, we still have our petty moments, but that's just how siblings are. We'll fight from time to time. We'll get on each others' nerves. We'll even embarrass each other like Em did today by yanking off your concealment stone. But at the end of the day, we're still siblings, and nothing will change that." Though she did hesitate for a moment, she eventually leaned over and gave her older brother a hug, "I promise. After all..."

Edric was quick to return the embrace with a smile gracing his features. "A Blight always upholds their end of a promise."

GROM
@PinaPali

GROM NITE!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23

A Witch Finds Her True Way

Written by Beckers522
Illustrated by Theartz

"One bite will put you to sleep for hours!"

Lilith Clawthorne nodded absentmindedly, staring at the crumbling cookie wedged between her fingertips. She was sitting on Edalyn's couch, plate of sleeping-nettle laced cookies balancing precariously on her lap.

Today was the day she finally faced the Owl Beast and conquered her curse. A culmination of months of research and preparation. The anticipation filled her with an energy she wasn't sure even sleeping-nettles could overcome, but Edalyn's firsthand account suggested otherwise. Only time would tell if it would be enough.

"Yes, I'm quite aware, Hootsifer. It's one of the most potent herbs on the Isles. I've never tried it myself, so I'm uncertain how long it will take to-"

"One bite will put you to sleep for hours!"

The witch paused, turning to look at her dearest friend. Hooty was hovering beside her, brown eyes unblinking. How very odd. It wasn't like him to repeat himself around her.

Lilith reached forward to place her hand on his head, recoiling when his entire body dissolved into a pile of brown feathers. She peered around the room. Was this it? Had the nightmare sequence started already?

Hurriedly, she began fishing around in the pocket of her vest, tugging at a black notebook until it came loose.

According to her notes, she'd done it! She'd fallen asleep in exactly the same way Edalyn had, down to the very phrase spilling from Hooty's mouth.

"Alright, Owl Beast!" Lilith called out as she moved to stand. "Show yourself. I'm ready to compromise."

Silence was all that greeted her.

Lilith glanced down at her notebook, flipping through the pages until she found the information she seeked. According to Edalyn, the Owl Beast had appeared moments after she'd fallen asleep... in the upstairs hallway.

If the Owl Beast appeared upstairs for Edalyn, then clearly, Lilith had to go upstairs. She gathered her notebook and pen, before dashing down the hall toward the back of the house. Lilith took the steps two at a time, heart hammering against her chest. She kept both eyes fixed forward, remaining alert as the landing finally came into view. The Owl Beast wasn't here.

"Hello?" She tried again, taking a moment to glance at her notes again. In Edalyn's dream sequence the Owl Beast had appeared almost immediately, chasing her sister through the halls until the scene changed. But if there was no Owl Beast, how was Lilith supposed to trigger her next scene?

She took a step forward. Then another, and another. Footsteps echoed around her, the only sound in an otherwise empty house.

Was it enough to simply open the door? Lilith paused, black-inked fingertips resting on the closest handle. Would it be better to simply wait for the Owl Beast to make its appearance?

Glancing behind her, Lilith saw nothing. No looming shadows against the wall. No flash of feathers around the corner. She was completely and utterly alone.

"Fine then," the witch muttered to herself, grip tightening. "I'm sure it couldn't hurt to simply look. If it turns out to be a closet, I'll close the door again and wait. Problem solved."

In an instant, Lilith found herself standing in the halls of Hexside. She recognized them immediately— those bright red walls filled with rows of teeth. Laughter echoed nearby, coming from a group of students in gold and blue attire, racing toward her.

"Go Hexside!"

"Hexside rules and Glandus drools."

"I bet their grudgby team couldn't beat someone from the baby class. Ha!"

Lilith stepped to the side, but they ran past her, as if she wasn't there. They were all too distracted celebrating a very recent, very prominent grudgby victory.

She remembered this game. This was the final match between Hexside and Glandus the year she'd been Grudgby Team Captain. Lilith had spent *weeks* planning and perfecting their team strategy. The one that had finally allowed them to beat their rivals after losing seven years in a row.

"Did you see the way Eda flew that last play? She was amazing!"

"Eda's so cool!"

"The greatest grudgby player on the Isles!"

"I think you mean the greatest in the world. Or the universe!"

"Or all *the universes!"*

Lilith frowned, but continued to follow the rambunctious teens. Where else was she supposed to go? Despite her best efforts, there was still no Owl Beast. She'd obviously been led here for a reason. Maybe there were clues she was meant to uncover. Or something here about her past that she was overlooking.

The group rounded the corner, a chorus of cheers sounding again at whatever they saw on the other side. Head held high, Lilith hurried after them, heels clacking loudly against the polished stone floors.

Still, no one seemed to notice. Their attention was entirely focused on the mud-covered, sweaty, red-haired witch currently being lifted up onto her classmates' shoulders for all the school to see.

"Eda! Eda! Eda!"

They were in the main hall, chant echoing through the multi-floored chamber. Lilith paused, taking in the image of her sister, so much younger than she remembered her ever looking. This was before the curse. Before the Emperor's Coven. Before the secrets and the lies. The guilt and the shame.

As if pulled by some magic spell, Lilith's gaze fell to the one quiet corner of the hall, where a taller, red-haired witch was leaning against the wall, watching everything unfold through a pair of wire-rimmed glasses.

When had it started? The resentment? The envy? Had Eda done something to set the spark? Had someone else?

Or had it always been *her?*

The younger Lilith was staring at her sister, watching in silence as Edalyn was praised for executing the strategy *she* had come up with. Watching as her classmates poured out love for the younger Clawthorne sister while hardly taking a breath to notice the elder one standing in the shadows.

Suddenly, her younger self looked up, and Lilith immediately turned away. Two more steps and she was passing through the Illusion classroom door and heading into the next dream sequence. There wasn't anything to find here. No clues that could help her reveal the Owl Beast. She had to keep moving forward.

Darkness surrounded her. Lilith blinked, urging her vision to return. Was this the moment the Owl Beast would appear? Was it finally her turn to prove herself?

Lilith opened her mouth to call out, but stopped when she noticed a thin sliver of light appear against the far wall. It poured into the room; Edalyn's room, illuminating the girl fast asleep in her bed.

Oh no.

A figure stepped inside. Long, curly red hair. The flash of light reflecting across twin circles of glass. The sharp crinkle of paper rolled up in a clenched fist.

Not this. Lilith turned her head, glancing toward the door. It had been left open, light from the hall revealing her escape path. She turned her back on the scene unfolding, pushing down the knot that had twisted itself in her stomach as she made a break for it.There wouldn't be anything for her to find here. Lilith already knew how this scene ended.

She was still in her childhood home, voices drifting up from below. Lilith's feet carried her down the stairs, one creeping step after the other. Quietly, the witch peered through the balusters at the scene unfolding, all thoughts of the Owl Beast momentarily forgotten.

"Where are you going?" Young Lilith asked her mother. *"You just got back."*

The older woman sighed. *"Yes, I know. But Edalyn is out there somewhere, and the Coven Scouts are too busy to help look for a runaway teenager. So I am going to find her."*

"But-!" Lilith could hear the emotion causing her adolescent voice to shake. *"But what about my dinner? I achieved my dream! I got into the Emperor's Coven. We've been waiting to celebrate this for* weeks."

"I know, Sweet Flea." She leaned forward and kissed the top of the teen's hair. *"We'll celebrate another time. As a family. I promise."*

She was out the door in the blink of an eye, leaving young Lilith in the house alone — on the day that was supposed to be her greatest victory.

For a moment, all was quiet. The slow inhale of a breath. The curled fists and tense muscles in her shoulders. The quickly fading sound of her mother's footsteps until all that was left was complete and utter silence.

Then, the young girl exploded.

She screamed, chair flying across the room from the force of her shove. She ripped at her hair as the tears began to fall, back hitting the wall

as she slid to the floor. Lilith closed her eyes, remembering this night all too well. How she'd spent it alone, crying her heart out, not for the loss of her sister. But for the selfish, unfairness of feeling forgotten.

Slowly, Lilith turned, feeling her gaze drawn across the room. The witch knew where she had to go. The front door of their old home loomed in front of her. Calling to her. Beckoning her closer. She stood up, reaching the bottom of the stairs before she realized she'd taken that first step.

The sobs had turned to sniffles by now as the young girl weeped into her lap, knees drawn up tightly against her chest. For a moment, Lilith paused, fingers hovering over the bronze handle, a tightness growing ever stronger inside her chest.

"I'm sorry..." She whispered, words seeming to echo throughout the room, magnifying with each surface they touched. She winced at the sound, keeping her eyes fixed forward on her destination.

This was only a memory. There was nothing she could do to help the girl now. It wouldn't do to get distracted.

The door opened, childhood home fading away. Wooden panels made way for plush green carpeting against ancient stone floors. Soft sniffles vanished, only to be replaced with the gentle thrumming of a faded, still-beating heart.

She was in the Emperor's Throne Room.

"Lilith, I have a very special task for you, as the head of the Emperor's Coven."

She turned her head to find a woman who was both achingly familiar and a complete stranger to her. Long black hair with fine clothing. Not a shred of makeup out of place. The witch was kneeling on the stairs in

front of a man — a monster — hiding behind the safety of a golden mask.

He gazed down at her with piercing blue eyes and Lilith felt her attention wandering, scanning the room for any sign of the Owl Beast. Or better yet, her way out.

"I am here, at your service."

She couldn't see his face, but Lilith could still hear the cruel smile as he spoke. *"I need you to bring me the Owl Lady. She must join the Emperor's Coven before the Day of Unity. It is of the utmost importance."*

"Of course, your grace." Lilith's stomach twisted at the words, hating how they echoed across the room and burrowed into her ears. *"I'm confident once you've healed her, she will become a valuable asset."*

How had she been fooled so easily? Why had it been so important to impress him? She'd been so blind for so long. Hurt so many people. And for what?

"I'm sure she will be."

Lilith's hand reached for the closest door. This time, she chanced a glance back, silently willing herself to come to her senses. To realize they were being duped. To do something, before it was too late.

Blue eyes met hers and Lilith froze. Could he see her? Could he sense her presence? Her heart thudded against her chest. She had to get out of here. Now. Before he came for her. Before she was dragged away and trapped in this nightmare forever.

With trembling hands, she grabbed onto the handle. The cold metal sent needle-like pin pricks shooting up her arms, urging her to action. Heart in her throat, Lilith forced herself to turn away from those eyes that haunted her nightmares, even now, pushing the door open with all her might.

She stepped inside, pivoting to close it behind her. Once again, her gaze was drawn to the golden mask. Blue light sunken into pools of darkness, piercing into her very soul. They were the last thing she saw as Lilith

slammed the door shut and darkness swallowed her whole.

The silence was deafening, the darkness blinding. Lilith stood alone, hands trembling, breath heaving in her lungs. Her mind was racing, thinking through every memory she'd just been forced through. Wondering what her mind was trying to tell her and where the Owl Beast could be hiding.

"Hello?" She called out, voice echoing across the void. "Is anyone out there?"

Slowly, the darkness began to lighten, revealing a blue-white mist — a blanket around her. What was happening here? Why hadn't the Owl Beast revealed itself to her? She'd done everything *exactly* by the book. She'd followed Eda's experience to the letter. So *why* wasn't it here?

Something appeared in the mist before her. A single mirror displaying no reflection.

How odd. Lilith positioned herself directly in front. She could see the blue tinted mist swirling behind her, the rough stone floors beneath her. But there was no image of a witch staring back out of the glass. No sign of anything at all.

"Show yourself!" Lilith turned, all but screaming at the empty void. "Stop hiding and come face me, you coward! I know you're out there, Owl Beast!"

The breath rushed from her lungs as Lilith felt herself go weak at the knees. Why? Why was this happening to her? Why wouldn't the beast show itself like it had with Eda? Why wouldn't it give her a chance to prove she was ready — that she was worthy?

Why was she being overlooked and forgotten *again?*

The mist parted and a figure began to approach from the left, another on the right. A woman with long, dark hair, and striking green eyes walked closer. She was dressed in elegant robes, carefully polished staff in her dominant hand. Her companion was a woman who appeared to be the complete antithesis. Wild red hair, gold rimmed glasses, and attire that

was much better suited for a historian. A familiar, white-winged palisman sat perched on her head, nestled there in a makeshift nest she seemed not to notice.

These women each stopped an arm's reach away, placing themselves on either side of the mirror. They were silent and still. Waiting for her to do something. Say something. What that was, Lilith did not know.

Lilith looked to her left. The long black nails, and alabaster skin. The power this witch radiated. All those endless nights of practice and study, finally paying off. On her right, a hand much softer, warmer. That of a wild witch whose loyalty to those she loved was unmatched.

Guilt flooded her as Lilith's gaze fell to her feet. Tears pricked at her eyes and she struggled to blink them away. She could have been so much better, so much *more* if only she'd chosen a different path. If she'd put her sister, her *family,* before her own ambition. So much pain could have been prevented if only she'd never stepped foot in the Night Market. If only she hadn't laid her fingers on that cursed scroll containing the Owl Beast.

Lilith looked up, eyes widening in realization. There was *no* Owl Beast — not here in her nightmares. In the darkest moments of her life. There never would be an Owl Beast here, because it wasn't the curse she was running from.

She was running from *herself.*

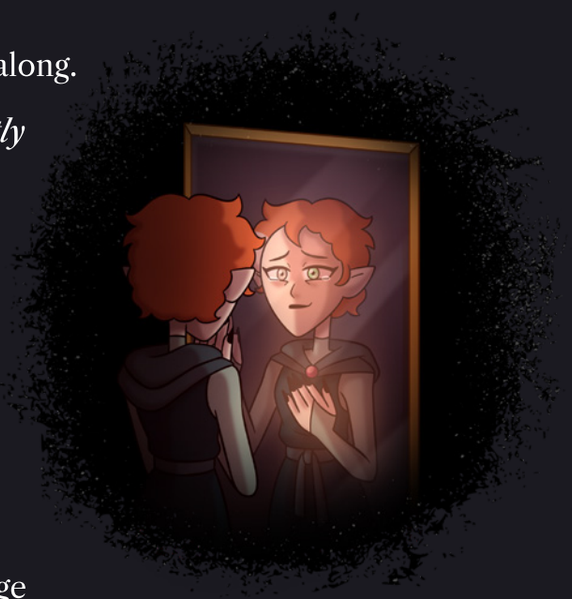
"I understand now," she breathed. It was the truest thing she'd ever spoken. After a lifetime of pushing herself to be better. Clawing her way to the top — tumbling to the ground and picking herself up again. A lifetime of guilt and shame. Of anger and jealousy, Lilith finally understood.

No matter what she did, Lilith would never be either of these two women. Not in their entirety. She was both a combination of them and nothing like them at all.

Lilith had spent her entire life trying to be someone else, and she'd always fallen short, because she had been blind to what had been

standing there right before her all along.

It was time to accept herself, *exactly* as she was.



In that moment, the mirror cleared to reveal Lilith's reflection, standing there in all her glory. Short, curly red hair with a tuft of grey. Simple green dress matching the exact shade of one of her eyes. Fingernails painted such a dark blue, they almost appeared black.

"It's me." Lilith smiled and the image smiled back. This was her. The *real* Lilith Clawthorne. The Lilith she was always meant to be. The Lilith she chose to be, without any guilt or shame left to hold her back.

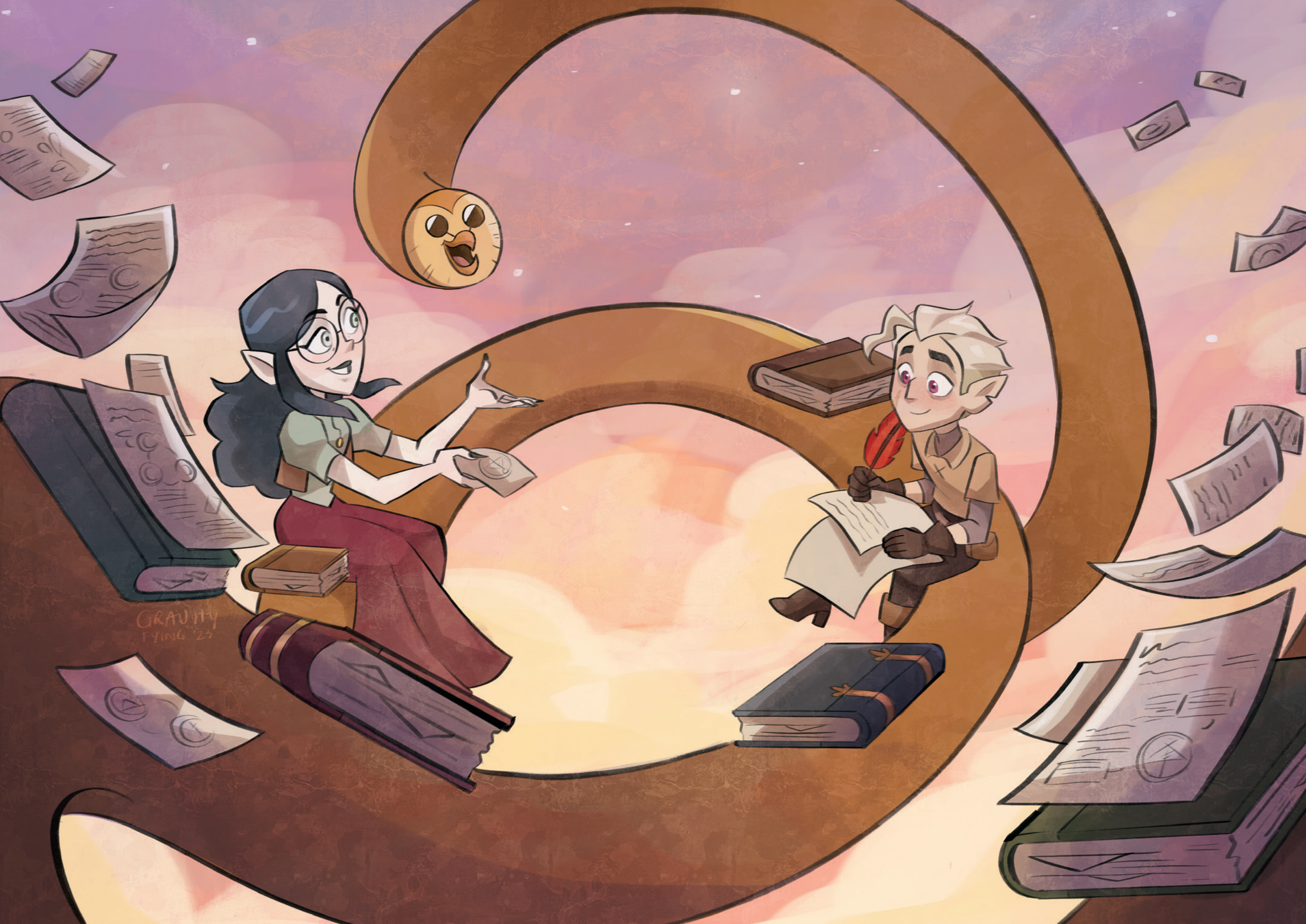
Her words echoed around her, drifting by on a breeze that had not been there moments ago. It tossed her curls around, swirling the mists, closing them in around her. Quickly, Lilith closed her eyes against the rising winds, knowing deep down that she'd finally come to the end of her adventure.

Moments later, her eyes opened. Lilith found herself surrounded in a nest built from King's army of stuffed creatures. She turned her head, smiling as she caught sight of Hooty, standing at attention, fearlessly watching over her and protecting her from harm.

"Morning, Hootsifer," she murmured, reaching out as he swiftly moved to wrap his body around hers in the closest thing to a hug he could manage.

"Lulu!" He cheered, squeezing her tightly. "You're awake! Did it work? Did you find what you were looking for?"

Lilith smiled, nestling her face into the side of her dear friend's neck. "Yes, Hootsifer. I did. I found *exactly* what I needed."


GRAVITY
FLYING '23

WL LADY
REWARD

The Case of the Missing Clawthornes

Written by Calamity
Illustrated by JustWiffer

The Owl House is oddly quiet for a Sunday morning.

Eh, whatever. King decides that he'll figure out why later. He yawns loudly as he flops out of his bed, which is a round and cushioned pink monstrosity that Eda had stolen for him. While she *claimed* that she "bought it with her hard-earned snails for her favourite son", to which he'd replied "Mom, I'm your *only* son," he'd be a fool not to notice how the creepy Kitty Café down the street was on fire.

King leaves Francois in his bed, promising to be back for him soon, and goes to get ready for the day. After a quick shower and drying himself off with the wails of their newly purchased blowcryer, he returns back to his room for Francois and for a change of clothes. Today's outfit is a handmade yellow sweater, knit by Eda herself, like several other items in his closet. He tucks the stuffed toy into his pocket, his floppy ears folded over the fabric.

When he's all set, he makes his way downstairs, passing by his parents' room. He can't hear his mom snoring, so he assumes that she's already gone downstairs with Raine. The thought makes him smile— Maybe they'd started on a batch of his favourite boo-berry paincakes!

"Mom! Raine!" He takes the stairs two at a time, eager to see them. "What's for breakfast?"

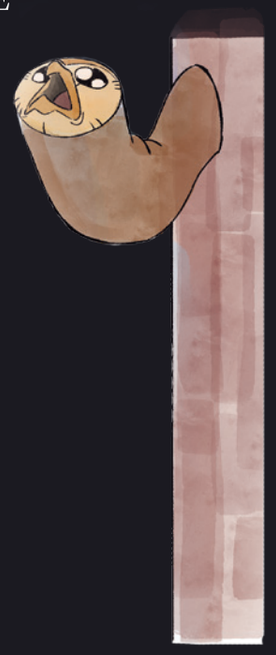
He bursts into the kitchen, expecting to catch Eda attempting to flip the paincakes in the air. The last time she'd attempted to do so, more than half of their breakfast had stuck to the ceiling, and they had to employ Hooty to eat them so they wouldn't go to waste. However, she and Raine are nowhere to be seen, and the aroma of the kitchen remains dreadfully un-paincake-like.

The only thing on the kitchen table is a covered plate with, presumably, his breakfast on it.

He runs back out towards the front door, not exactly worried, but not at all reassured either. They hadn't left him a note or a scroll message... were they at the market picking up ingredients? No, they couldn't be, they'd just gone on a grocery run two days ago and stocked the fridge full. Then... where on the Isles were they?

King raps his paws on the front door and shouts at the sleeping house demon. "Hey! Hooty!"

Hooty shrieks awake, his eye mask falling off as he erupts from the wood. "THIS CARVED BANISTER IS NOW WITHIN MY POSSESSION UNTIL LULU COMES TO CLAIM IT ! TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND FEAR MY WR— AH! GOOD MORNING, KING!"



King snorts and picks up the eye mask, hanging it on one of the coat hooks they had installed. "Good morning to you too, Hooty. Let's get to business: where did my parents go? Luz is probably still at Willow's house for that sleepover... Is no one else home?"

Hooty pauses for a bit too long instead of blurting out his answer immediately. This instantly makes King suspicious, and he leaps onto Hooty's neck in a single pounce to confront him.

"What is it?!" he yelps. "Hooty, I'm not messing around! If they're in trouble, you have to tell me!"

"THEY'RE NOT IN TROUBLE!" Hooty shrieks, attempting to shake him off to no avail. "PLEASE DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE QUESTIONS! YOU KNOW I CAN'T HANDLE PEER PRESSURE!"

This clearly wasn't going to get him anywhere. Hooty tended to babble on about incoherent nonsense the more he was interrogated. It looked like King was going to have to don his detective hat and investigate matters on his own.

"Fine," he relents, hopping off of the house demon. "Suit yourself. Mom, Luz and Raine better not be hurt, or it's your head that's going in this weekend's stew."

Hooty wails back in pure and utter despair. "NOOOO! NOT MY *HEEEEAAAAD!*"

★

King has his breakfast, which he'd uncovered to be a spell-warmed plate of Stench Toast, and then leaves the Owl House. He decides to start his search at the Park household, because his big sister makes for the best detective partner in the world. It'll be far easier to uncover this mystery if he has her on his side.

He rings the door-shrieker, hearing the scream echo throughout the house. Gilbert Park opens the door a beat later, adjusting his glasses as he glances down at him on the front steps. He looks surprised to see him there, despite the fact that him showing up to pick up his sister sometimes is normal.

"Good morning, King," he greets, keeping his tone neutral. "What brings you here? Are you looking for Luz?"

King nods. "Morning, Mr. Park! I am, is she here? If not, do you know where she went?"

Gilbert presses his lips together, as if mulling over how to best respond. "She and Willow ran out of the house after breakfast this morning, saying that they had important business to handle," he says slowly. "I don't know where they've gone, but they *did* mention a school project, so perhaps they went to Hexside."

King's eyes narrow. "...Why are they going to school on the weekend?"

"I'm not sure myself," Gilbert shrugs. "I'm sorry I can't be of much help, King. How about this... I can give you a ride to Hexside to look for them?"

King brightens immediately. "That would be great, Mr. Park! Let's go!"

★

Gilbert drops him on the newly renovated front pathway of Hexside before taking off back to the skies. King lands softly on the grass and looks around— The school is mostly deserted at this time of the week, save for the upper-year students working on their graduation research, and the other students who need the school's equipment for homework.

He knows Luz and Willow fall in the latter category; the two of them have been tinkering with an assignment in the greenhouse for a while now, and have absolutely refused to let anyone else see it. It's a bit strange if he thinks too hard about it, but he'll see the project eventually, so in the end it doesn't matter.

Reaching into his pocket, he takes out his student card and walks over to the doors. The eye scanners blink at the barcode written on it, matching his face to the name and number, and permits his entry. He stuffs the card away, then heads inside the building, beginning to make his way to the greenhouse.

On his walk there, he spots Gus, who's fiddling with something in his hands and coming from the other direction. Grateful to see a familiar face, King shouts: "Gus!"

Gus practically jumps out of his skin, instantly casting a spell and causing whatever he was holding to disappear in a puff of smoke.

"King?!" he exclaims, rushing over to him. "Hey, buddy! It's Sunday and the school's closed, how did you get in?"

King would raise an eyebrow if he had any. "You know I go here, Gus. I used my student card."

"Haha, right, yeah, that makes sense," Gus coughs awkwardly. "So much sense, in fact, we're knee-deep in it."

"Where's Luz?" he interrupts. Gus's eyes widen in panic, which just makes his voice get increasingly higher-pitched in anxiety. "Seriously, what's going on?"

"Uhhhhh. Luz is— Luz is with Willow. Project," Gus says quickly. "For... class! They're doing research on... trees! They probably went to... the Bat Queen's forest! Have you looked there?"

King squints at him. "You're not hiding anything from me, are you?"

Gus laughs with a little too much force, and twirls a finger in midair to summon his scroll. "Me? Why would I be hiding anything? I *really* think you should go check out the forest! They have to be there! See, uh—" He types frantically at his scroll, swiping until he comes up with— "They just sent me this! Five seconds ago!"

Gus shoves the screen of his scroll in his face with a stretched-out smile. King glances at the blurry photo of the Bat Queen's forest, with figures that are just barely passable enough to look like Luz and Willow. Before he can examine it any closer, Gus snatches the scroll back, so King leaps

up onto his head to gaze at the greenhouse down the hallway.

The lights aren't on in the classroom, so... he *could* be telling the truth. But why send him through all these twists and turns instead of just informing him of where they are? What exactly were they planning?

King hops back down onto the floor and bids Gus goodbye, deciding to trust him and go to the Bat Queen's forest. He can feel himself getting antsy without seeing his sister and parents; he's never been a fan of prolonged separation, and he doesn't think he'll ever get used to it.

He needs to solve this case, and solve it *fast*.

✦

As King drops into the woods from a transportation griffin, he notes that the Bat Queen's terrain has gotten significantly less bony and cobwebbed since the last time he visited, which is a welcome relief for his landing.

In the distance, he catches sight of his grandfather, his back hunched over the dirt. He appears to be working on digging plots for new Palistrom wood seedlings, and his wild mane of grey hair swoops over his eyes, an echo of his daughter's.

"Grandpa!" King yells, barreling right into his legs. Dell drops his shovel and topples to the ground with him, chuckling as he scoops him up into his arms.

"If it isn't my favourite grandson!" he exclaims, taking a page right out of Eda's book. It's *uncanny* how similar they are, not just by being related but from their very souls. King doesn't even bother with grumbling *'I'm your only grandson, Grandpa,'* in return. "How is my little kingbird doing?"

"I'm good, just..." he trails off hesitantly, fidgeting with his paws. "Do you know where everyone went and why everyone's acting weird around me? I couldn't find Mom or Raine this morning, so I went to look for Luz, and then Luz and Willow weren't at school, so Gus said they'd be here but they're not... Grandpa, I'm scared."

The last part comes out admitted in a nearly inaudible whisper, like he doesn't want what he's afraid of to be made real. Had he done something wrong for everyone to go away? Had they all finally gotten sick of him? Was this wild goose chase letting him down easily?

Dell seems to sense his distress and ruffles his fur in reassurance. "There's no need to be. Your parents are busy, as are your sister and friends. Though I believe they should be wrapping up on their activities soon... perhaps they'll be done in the time it takes you to fly home."

King frowns at his cryptic speech. "But what are they up to? Why can't it... include me?"

Dell just smiles, calling over the yellow cardinal perched on the tree branch. Buttercup chirps at him and switches into staff form for them to ride on, hovering in the air.

"It's *for* you, kingbird," King thinks he hears Dell answer.

The two of them shoot upwards before he can ask what he means. As he holds back his staffsickness (why were all Clawthornes such insane flyers?!), he forgets his question entirely.

✦

"We're here!"

Dell touches down in front of the Owl House, the smile on his face bright. The unease that's been growing since this morning comes to a crescendo in King's chest as he eyes the door, where Hooty has now been detached from. He wants to howl, releasing the song inside him, but he swallows it down for the sake of his grandfather.

"Grandpa, is it..." *Safe? Will I open the door to emptiness? Is this where you leave me too?* "I— I don't want to... can you go in first?"

Dell's expression softens. "Of course, kingbird. You can trust me, and you can trust your family, okay? Come inside whenever you're ready."

After Dell has spoken, he heads towards the house. King watches him go, and as soon as the door shuts behind him, he runs up to it and presses his skull against the wood. He doesn't detect anything amiss, so he takes a deep breath, clutches Francois tight, and kicks his way in.

"DON'T YOU DARE HURT MY FAMILY!" he screams.

"SURPRISE!" the room screams back.

King's grip loosens on Francois, almost dropping him. He gapes at the sight laid before him, his threats and battle plans dying in his throat. The Owl House has been completely transformed, the walls pulsing with a new kind of life. Hand-painted banners hang from the ceiling, each with their own cheesy messages and doodles scrawled on. The largest one reads *'WISHING THE BEST OF DAYS TO THE KING OF ALL OUR HEARTS'*, while others say *'YOU RULE!'*, *'YOU'RE THE APPLE OF OUR RYE!'*, accompanied by plenty of bread drawings and emoticons. Scattered all over the room, his family beams at him, each wearing different coloured Burger Queen crowns.

"...What?" he breathes out.

Eda emerges from the crowd, holding a gold crown in her hand and sporting a matching one on her head. His heart spills over at the seams, and he stares at her, wide-eyed.

"I'm sorry for all the secrecy," she says, placing the crown on his skull. "I wanted your first real party to be a special surprise. I didn't mean to worry you, baby. We haven't exactly properly celebrated all these years, but better late than never, right?"

He blinks, his brain still not processing. "Celebrate... what?"

"Oh, kiddo," Eda chides, booping his nose. "We really broke you, huh? Your birthday, silly."

"Today's my..." He'd forgotten. Now that he was faced with the fact, it did seem to be around the time that he'd hatched from his egg. "It *is* my birthday. You... remembered."

Eda gives him a look of mock offense. "Of *course* I remembered! Who do you take me for?"

King scratches at his paw, sheepish. "I didn't think... *I* didn't even remember myself."

"You were tiny back then, kiddo. You could hardly speak more than a few words except for your name, 'feast', 'blood', 'violence' and 'destruction'. How were you supposed to know when exactly you were born?"

"How did *you* find out?"

Eda cracks a grin. "Oh, that part wasn't me—"

"It was *meeeee!*" Lilith cuts in, giddy with excitement. Hooty, who's sitting in his portable form on her back, throws up confetti in the air for dramatic effect. "It wasn't that hard to calculate, actually! All it took was a revisit to the ruins, and then taking the moon phases as well as the height of the tides into account—"

"Okay, okay, Lily, I think he gets it," Eda snorts, steering them away. His aunt winks at him as she's pushed aside, mouthing *'You know how to reach me if you want to know more'* over her shoulder.

The party passes by in a blur. King just lets himself get dragged from guest to guest and from activities to food, accepting presents and well-wishes from everyone. Halfway through a game of 'Pin The Snail On The Hooty', he receives a notification on his scroll, and he excuses himself to look at it.

It turns out to be a video message from Camila, Hunter, and Vee. The three of them are busy in the Human Realm, but they send him their regards. Camila promises to make him any of his favourite dishes the next time she visits, Hunter holds up a little hand-sewn winter outfit for Francois up to the camera, and Vee, his partner in commenting on cringe reality shows, waves an autographed copy of Season 33 of the 'Real Witchwives of Latissa' excitedly.

From Dell and Gwen, he receives a whittled kingbird figurine, bumpy and uneven around the edges but loved all the same.

From Gus, he receives a hexed spikerophone, not just with the power of voice amplification, but with a 100% guarantee of zero feedback, and buttons with added sound effects, a mute function, and the theme song to 'Real Witchwives of Latissa.'

From Luz and Willow, he receives a Palistrom wood sapling that they've been working on growing, with its own self-cultivation environment. It sits within a handmade abomination-goo reinforced pot, courtesy of Amity, carved with intricate and symbolic artwork done by his sister.

From Lilith and Hooty, he receives a full anthology of accurate and unbiased Titan history, with extra tidbits on beasts, demons and witches. He assumes that the pages were once very neat and organized, but now Hooty's annotations line the margins too, so it's hard to tell.

From Raine, he receives an old tape recorder labeled *'CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.'* With a smirk, his parent whispers to him that it may or may not be the one and only recording of Eda's first attempt at serenading them with *'Since You've Been Conned,'* which he's been begging them for the moment he discovered its existence.

From Eda, he receives his own custom-fitted cloak made of witch's wool, complete with hidden gold stitching on the inside of the hood that says *'Mama's boy.'* ("I'm not wearing this," he says, crying so much that he can't see. "You will," his mom says back, kissing his forehead.)

At the end of the gift-giving and his sob session, he jumps to the top of the present stack. He clears his throat loudly, clinking his glass of fruit punch with a spoon to get everyone's attention.

"Uh, everyone... If you're all *bready* to listen, I'd like to make a *toast.*"

"We'd *loaf* to listen!" Luz yells, her mouth stuffed with cake. Gus gives him two thumbs up, summoning a wave of illusion Guses to circle the room and cheer.

King takes out the spikerophone and taps it. The volume is *perfect.*

"Okay, uh. First of all, shoutout to my buddy Gus for making the best invention since sliced bread. Second, thank you all for being here. I... I've always imagined what it'd be like to have a family. How it would feel to not be stuck in one tiny place, alone with myself until the end of time. Before I hatched, I didn't know if anyone would be coming back for me. I waited for a long time, until ten years ago, someone did. Thank you for finding me, Mom."

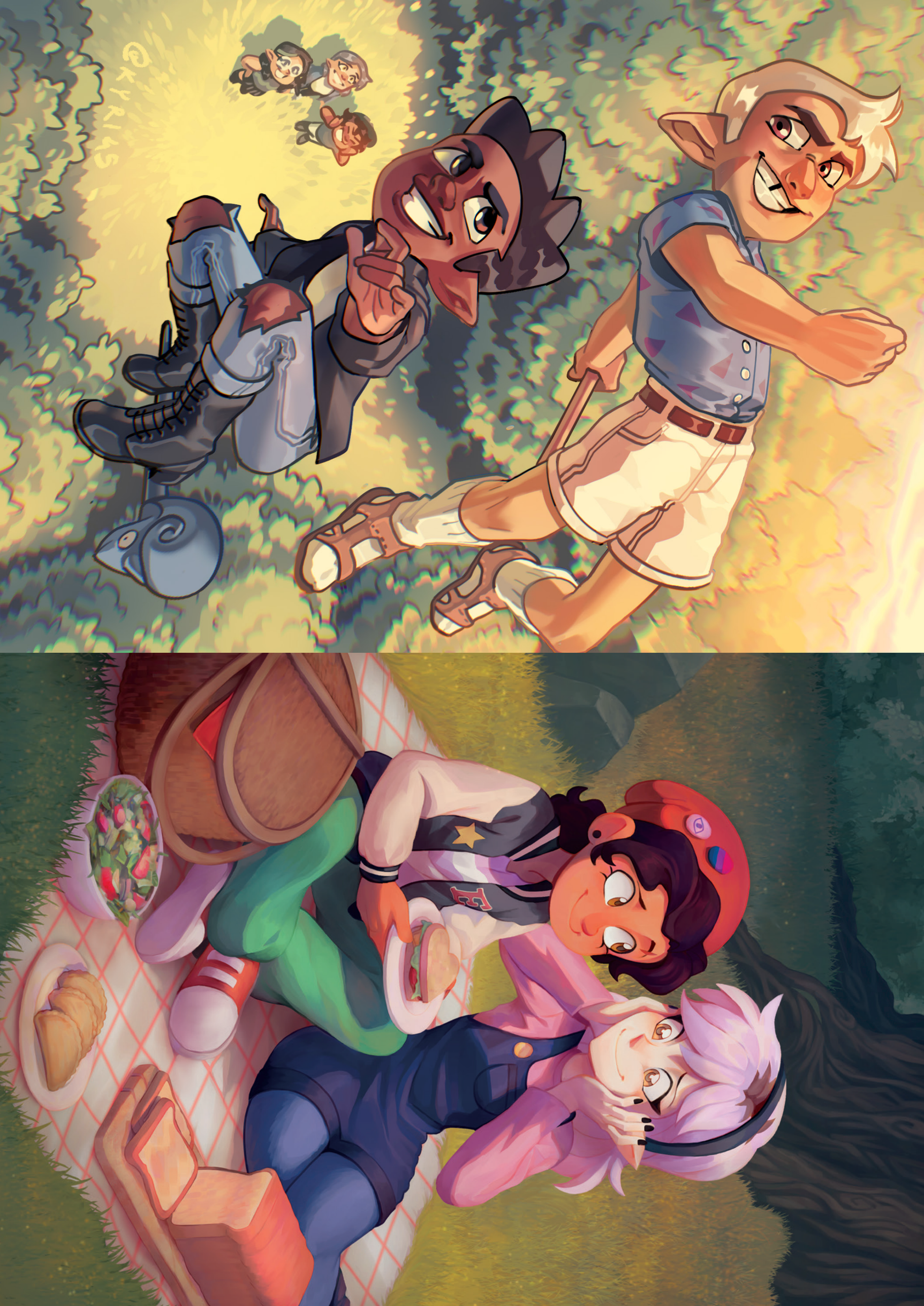
"Since that day, I officially now have the best and most amazing mom and parent in the universe, the greatest big sister ever, my awesome grandparents, my cool aunt, Hooty, and my friends. And I'm *so* happy. I didn't know how much I was missing in those ruins until I got here."

There are tears in his eyes, and his stomach is starting to hurt from all the weird combinations of food he's had in the past few hours, but King Clawthorne has never felt more at home.

He lifts his glass to the air like a royal scepter, and ends his speech with: "For the rest of our lives, I hope that us weirdos *bread-stick* together forever!"

@daryen2019

!?
G.H.S
STAFF



Human Games

Written by SketchyWolf
Illustrated by Lynvaren

The sun's blinding light shone down on the residents of Gravesfield, making the historic town glow. Wisps of clouds drifted lazily through the air, barely concealing the sun as they passed. A gentle breeze blew through the town, making the bright green grass sway and the trees rustle.

The inhabitants of a quaint yellow house next to the woods were completely unaware of the wonderful day, the teenagers sprawled out in the living room immensely bored.

After being stuck in the Human Realm for a few months, they seemingly exhausted all forms of entertainment. Every documentary that Camila recorded had been watched enough times that they could recite the lines. They knew the songs to every movie they could watch. Just about every game and book in the house had scratches and creases that showed their use. It was all great fun to the witches, and even Luz found enjoyment after being separated from her home for so long, but by now they seemingly tried everything.

Ideas were passed around to spend their time, but to no avail.

"What if we played a card game?"

"We've played those about a million times, and you are *weirdly* good at them, Gus."

"What if we watched one of the princess movies?"

“Amity, I don’t know if I can hear another princess sing about meeting her true love or wishing upon a star to make her dreams come true.”

Hunter could voice his own suggestion, but he knew he would be turned down again. He didn’t understand why no one wanted to watch the fantastic wolf movie that he was obsessed with again, but even Luz was getting tired of the love story between the two leads from opposite worlds after the fourth rewatch, so he kept quiet. He could just watch it with Flapjack later, since his palisman seemed to enjoy any movie they watched together.

The group silently tried to come up with something— *anything* to do that wasn’t just laying about.

“Ugh!” Gus groaned loudly from his place splayed out on the floor, startling Hunter who was leaning against the couch next to him. “There’s nothing to do!” He cried, and Hunter could see Luz stiffen from her place on the couch.

“You might want to be careful saying that so loud,” she said quietly, checking around the room. “My mom could hear you.”

Gus sat up, giving her a confused look. “Why is that a bad thing, exactly?”

“My mom would always give me chores whenever I said that.” Luz shuddered, though was met with chuckles from her friends.

“At least it’d give us something to do.” Amity replied, giggling at the pout Luz turned to her with.

“What’s this about you kids having nothing to do?” Camila asked as she entered the room, and Hunter snickered at the way Luz deflated with her mom’s entrance. If Hunter were honest, he’d actually enjoy doing some chores right now. No matter how much Camila assured otherwise, Hunter still felt like he could do more around the house.

Before he could ask what they could do, though, Camila spoke up with a smile on her face. “Vee and I are heading to work for the day. You kids should go and enjoy the weather, it’s wonderful outside.” With that, Camila said her goodbyes, Vee quickly adopted her human disguise and excitedly followed, waving behind her as she closed the door.

“What the heck?” Luz cried, sticking her hands out in frustration. “I got chores when I would say that, so what changed?”

“Are you complaining that we... *didn’t* get chores?” Willow asked, giving her a confused smile.

Luz slumped back with a humph, trying to suppress a smile at her friends’ giggles.

Hunter could see it before the others— the way Luz’s eyes widened as she sat up, a smile spreading on her face. She hopped up from her seat, gaining the attention of her friends. Hunter watched on as she walked to the center of the room before clasping her hands together, turning to the group.

“Have you guys heard of a human game called tag?”

✦

“Hgh!” Hunter grunted as he fell on the soft green grass by the abandoned shack, clutching his chest. “Oh betrayal, you loyal fiend, why must you taunt me this way? I stand by my friend through thick and thin, evading foes like the plague, and this is my comeuppance? Thrown to the enemy like a bad fish and left for dead? I have yet to live a full life, to see the world and experience its wonders, and my time is up.”

Gus snickered. “It’s nothing personal, old friend, just surviving the fitness.”

“It’s ‘survival of the fittest,’ Gus.” Luz corrected with a chuckle.

“Same thing.”

Hunter gasped dramatically as he glared at Gus. “To think... I considered you... a brother.” Hunter wheezed out, letting his head fall limp to the ground.

“You were tagged, Hunter.”

"I was betrayed, Luz!" Hunter exclaimed.

Luz and Amity watched from the sidelines with matching bewildered stares. Gus stood proudly over Hunter's fallen 'body.' Willow was busy taking a picture of the spectacle and giggling to herself. Flapjack chirped sadly as he flew toward Hunter's side, bowing with far too much theatrics. The others couldn't understand what the bird said, but Hunter chuckled at his palisman's showman attitude.

"A poor tragic soul, felled at the hands of his brother." Flapjack chirped.

Luz gave a nervous chuckle as she shook her head. "I don't think you guys quite understand the point of this game," she said as she walked closer. "I'm all for theatrics, but this is a little much."

"Are you kidding?! This is so much fun!" Gus exclaimed.

"Still, I think we should try another game. Hide and seek should be easy enough." Luz explained.

"Fiiinnnneee..." Gus moaned, though he bounded over with a grin, excited to learn another human game.

The group prepared to learn the rules when Luz noticed Hunter still splayed out on the ground. "Hunter, we're playing a new game now!"

"I'm dead. Can't play." Hunter replied, earning a laugh from his friends.

Luz walked over while rolling her eyes. "C'mon, you'll like this game. I'll even let you seek first."

Hunter groaned dramatically, and Luz reached out her hand to help him up. When he was stable on his feet, with Flapjack nestled on his shoulder, he leveled Luz with a mischievous look.

"By the way, you're it."

Hunter didn't think Luz would play along, considering the others were about to start a new game, but a dangerous look crossed the girl's eyes, and Hunter could barely dart off before she was after him.

"You said no tag-backs!" He called behind him.

"I make the rules now!" Luz called back, quickly closing the distance between them.

"Why does she have to be so fast?" Hunter thought to himself, before meeting Flapjack's eye, smiling to himself. Just as Luz was within arms reach, Flapjack turned into a staff and Hunter grabbed hold before he was thrusted into the air. Once at a safe height, he climbed on properly and stuck out his tongue at Luz, who looked far too pouty for something so silly.

"I should probably get down now." Hunter thought to himself. *"Ms. Camila already told us not to go flying, even in the clearing."*

Before he could make his descent, he heard Luz call Gus over, and with equally proud grins, Luz tagged him. Gus zipped towards Hunter on his staff at such fast speeds that the blond had to do a barrel roll to get out of the way. The chase was on, weaving in and out of the treeline to lose Gus, who summoned illusions to trick him. Hunter didn't fall for them, flying through the doppelgangers quickly and keeping an eye out for the real Gus.

It was when he was nearly yanked from his staff that he looked below and found Gus by Amity, who summoned a muddy abomination to grab his foot. He quickly kicked his way out of the hold, flying off and narrowly avoiding more muddy hands reaching for him.

Hunter flew deftly around the clearing, swerving in and out of the grasps of the abominations. He could hear Luz calling him a cheater from below, but honestly he didn't care. It was just too much fun being chased like this, evading obstacles and throwing smirks to his friends when they couldn't grab him.

A buzz by his head took his attention, turning to see Clover keeping pace with him. He titled

his head at the bee as she gazed at him with a calm expression, her short buzzes almost sounding like laughter.

Before Hunter knew it, a strong vine wrapped around his ankle and he was yanked clean from his staff. He yelled as he plummeted towards the earth, Flapjack quickly flying towards him.

To his pleasant surprise, he landed in something sinfully soft, and he quickly recognized the velvety feel of petals brushing his arms. He looked around and found that he had landed in a beautiful sunflower bigger than he was, the bright yellow petals dazing him for a moment.

Soft steps walking toward him made Hunter look up to see Willow gazing down at him with a bright grin, chuckling as Clover landed on her hair, getting comfortable in the flowing locks.

A soft thud on his head pulled his attention away, Flapjack chirping as he settled into Hunter's hair, mirroring Clover.

Willow walked up to the blond, a far too proud smirk on her face as she leaned in, lightly tapping his nose.

"You're it." Willow said cheerfully.

Hunter stared for a moment, not expecting the contact, but in a moment he was laughing loudly, jostling Flapjack on his head.

"You win, Captain." Hunter replied finally, now noticing his other friends walking up.

"I should've won!" Luz cried. "You cheated to begin with!"

"Luz," Gus started with a sly grin. "I think you're taking this too seriously."

At Luz's look of betrayal, everyone burst out laughing, and even Luz had to join in.

★

Hunter deftly rolled from tree to tree, hardly making a sound as he

searched through the forest, keen magenta eyes peering through the brush to try and find his friends.

"Have you tried looking in the trees?" Flapjack chirped.

Hunter paused for a moment, looking at the cardinal puzzled. "Why would anyone be hiding in the trees? It'd be too inconvenient."

"Would you hide there?" Flapjack questioned.

Hunter thought it over, before shrugging as he continued forward. "Maybe I would, but I know how to do so effectively and with enough cover."

"You also know to leave no stone unturned." Flapjack sang, Hunter rolling his eyes at his palisman.

Hunter *did* know this, as well as all of his other hiding and searching tricks from years of training as the Golden Guard. Even if he still struggled to move on from that time of his life, it was admittedly fun to use those skills for this game. He idly looked up, heeding Flapjack's words, craning his neck further to closely inspect the branches.

It was due to this distraction that he didn't see the tall root in his path, catching his foot and sending him plummeting face-first to the forest floor.

Hunter grumbled as he slowly pushed himself up, trying not to notice the grass stains that he'd have to clean out later. A muffled snort had his head whipping around to look at a nearby tree, the gnarled wood thick and holding the weight of time. Limbs flying back behind the tree made Hunter jump into a running start towards it. There, Luz looked annoyed at being caught.

"Found you." Hunter boasted.

"Yeah, you did." Luz admitted defeat, walking alongside Hunter as they started searching.

"Why would you blow your cover like that?" Hunter questioned, even as Luz glared at him for his teasing. "You had an excellent defense."

"Jerk." She mumbles as she nudges him with her elbow.

Hunter nudged back a little harder, smirking as he called her a sore loser.

As they continue to search the woods, nudging leads to pushing until Luz catches Hunter off guard, and he falls on the ground again. Luz bursts into laughter, the cheery sound filling the summer air. She reaches out to help him up, wiping a tear from her eye. Hunter grabs her hand, and Luz yelps as she's yanked to the ground. As he laughs at her, Luz pushes him again, and they are quickly pushing each other around the forest floor, though they laugh all the while. When they one up the other, they cheer and chuckle before the other gets the best of them.

It was when Luz had him pinned down with a bright smile on her face that Hunter finally called truce, his hair thoroughly dirty with grass and twigs and also a grin on his face.

Luz is about to protest when she sees movement in the trees, and leaps up to cheer and point out Amity hiding in a tree.

"I told you someone might be up there." Flapjack tweeted as he landed on Hunter's shoulder.

Hunter decided not to question how Amity got up that high without flying.

The three of them make quick work scouring the forest for the others, and finally find Willow hiding behind a bush, which didn't surprise them in the slightest. They all returned to the clearing, calling out for Gus to let him know he was the winner. Gus whooped and dramatically revealed himself from below the shack footsteps, casting illusion magic to rain down confetti.

The sun is reaching lower towards the horizon as they make their way back to the house, talking and laughing with each other as they recount their day. The others were particularly amused by how Hunter fell and was able to find Luz.

As they enter the house, they find Camila and Vee unpacking some groceries, and Vee runs up to them, holding some sort of box in her hands.

"We got a new game!" She announced with a smile. "Camila said you'd know how to play it, Luz." She held out the package, and Luz immediately squealed and rushed them all into the living room, quickly explaining the rules of Keiner.

✦

Keiner was easy to learn and play, Hunter found.

Keeping friendships, however, he was beginning to have doubts about. Especially when the sides were formed.

Amity, Gus, and Vee are able to team up and skip everyone to run down their cards, while Luz, Hunter, and Willow sit helplessly.

"Sweet potato, please give us a chance. This isn't fair!" Luz cried as she was skipped again.

"All is fair in love and war, hermosa." Amity replied with a sly grin.

"We're not at war, though, unless I missed something." Hunter replied nervously, grimacing as Gus skipped him again.

When the skips run out, Luz and Willow are able to quickly pin +2's against the others.

"I'm sorry, batata! Please have mercy on me!" Amity pleaded as she pulled six cards thanks to Luz.

"All is fair in love and war, hermosa." Luz mimicked with a proud grin.

"Seriously, *are we* at war?" Hunter asked, genuinely curious.

Arguments arise over whether cards can be stacked, and the yelling continues when Vee has to draw 16 cards thanks to Hunter's +4.

"I'm sorry, Vee, but there is no limit on how many cards can be drawn when they're stacked."

"Luz, so help me, I will eat these cards!"

The round continues as everyone's cards keep dwindling and rising just as quickly. With the chaotic fighting over being forced to draw more cards, everyone jumps once Luz cries Einer, and sees the single card she has in her hand.

The others immediately work together to try and force the brunette to draw more cards. The skips, +2's and +4's have been used up, and everyone has to guess what colors she doesn't have. Luz's smug grin does not make anyone confident in their guess.

"Luz has always been good at this game." Camila remarked warily from the couch, watching the chaos unfold. "She was even able to beat her father at it as a child. We had to get rid of it because of how much of a power trip she would get."

Hunter, not letting his uncertainty show, confidently put down one of his red cards. She had not played the card for some time now, and it seemed to be the most likely option.

Luz continued to smile, beginning to laugh maniacally as she slammed her card on the table, her wild card tormenting the others.

"I remain undefeated! No one can take down the great Luzura!"

After several tense matches ending much the same, except with the dining room table being flipped and magic being used for a harrowing yet fun chase, Camila decided the game should be made off limits... except for the palismen.

Even as Hunter playfully pouted at Flapjack, who calmly flipped through his cards for his next move, he couldn't really be mad at the outcome. As lawless and threatening the game turned out to be, it was fun playing a game of skill and chance, working together with his friends to take down the others and then switching sides to take them down.

The day as a whole was the most fun he had in... a *really* long time, and his friends made that happen.

"Hey Hunter, we're gonna watch a movie! You get to pick tonight!" Luz called out from her room.

Hunter quickly ran up the stairs, a bright smile on his face.

"If you choose that wolf movie again, though, I swear to the Titan that you're getting kicked out!"

Hunter laughed as he charged into the room, ignoring his friends groans when he looked up his favorite movie on her laptop.

A SECRET NONE OF YOU KNOW?
LESSEE...
ALRIGHT, DON'T LAUGH.
GASP
WE WOULD NEVER!
A FEW YEARS AGO, I STARTED...
...SLEEPING WITH A STUFFED TOY 'CUZ HUMANS DID IT.
AND NOW I CAN'T SLEEP WITHOUT IT.
AWW, BUDDY!
IS THAT WHY YOU'VE BEEN STEALING MR. CHUPI?
I'M SURE HE'LL BE HAPPY TO STAY WITH YOU!
NOD
NOD
NOD
THANK YOU, LUZ!
YOU TURN, WILLOW.
HMM. GUESS I NEVER TOLD YOU GUYS BUT...
I'VE ACTUALLY WON A FEW TROPHIES.
IN WEIGHT-LIFTING TOURNAMENTS.
SAY WHAAAAT?
© MARIA IZQUIERDO BARRI

WAIT, HOW MANY ARE "A FEW"?
...WELL, COUNTING THE ONE RIGHT BEFORE ARRIVING HERE...
...TWO DOZEN?
WOW...
S-SO MAYBE WE DIDN'T KNOW THIS,
BUT COULD WE EXPECT ANY LESS FROM THE CAPTAIN?
I DON'T THINK SO.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, HUNTER?
OH, I HAVE ONE!
I NEVER HAD DESSERT BEFORE,
AND NOW I GET ALL THE FUSS AROUND IT!
MOTION TO GIVE HUNTER ALL OUR DESSERT PORTIONS FROM NOW ON?
MOTION PASSED.
WELL, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, TURNS OUT I...
...LOVE GOING TO THE BANK.
THE BANK! WHY?
IT'S SO DULL, NOT EVEN ADULTS WANT TO GO.
IT SUCKS PEOPLE'S SOULS OUT OF THEIR BODIES.
IT REMINDS ME OF WHEN I ABSORB MAGIC.
© MARIA IZQUIERDO BARRI

THAT'S VERY WEIRD, VEE.

BUT WE SUPPORT YOU ANYWAY.

WILL YOU COME WITH ME NEXT TIME?

UM...

OKAY, IT'S MY TURN NOW.

LIKE HUNTER, I DIDN'T KNOW THIS ABOUT ME BUT...

I... REALLY LIKE CUTE THINGS.

AND CHEESY THINGS,

AND COUPLE-Y THINGS, TOO.

IT'S ALL LUZ'S FAULT, OF COURSE.

WE ALL KNEW THAT. THAT'S NOT A SECRET AT ALL.

EVEN I KNEW THAT.

AWW, DID I KICKSTART YOUR TSUNDERE REDEMPTION ARC?

MY WHAT?

I BET MINE IS ALSO EASY TO PREDICT.

BUT JUST IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW...

© MARIA IZQUIERDO BARRI

MY BIGGEST SECRET IS

THAT I WAS TERRIFIED WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE BOILING ISLES.

I MEAN, HOOTY WAS PRETTY SPOOKY.

-AND STILL IS-

BUT I WAS SCARED THAT EVEN IN A PLACE SO-

-SO DIFFERENT FROM HOME, I WOULDN'T FIT IN.

BUT THEN I MET ALL OF YOU AND I'D NEVER FELT SO ***SEEN***.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I REALIZED HOME ISN'T A PLACE.

IT'S ALL OF YOU.

SO I'M NOT SCARED ANYMORE.

FIN

© MARIA IZQUIERDO BARRI

The Brighter Side of Gray

Written by Kaitlyn
Illustrated by Pinceau Arc-en-Ciel

"Hey, Mom!" Luz said. She scrambled down from the top bunk where she had been sitting with Vee. Camila paused in the girls' doorway. The room looked so big and empty now.

"What is it?" Camila asked. She quickly glanced down at her phone. "I've only got a few minutes before I need to leave for work."

Camila paused for a moment as she realized how mundane that sounded. *Work*. After all the adventures in another realm, here she was. Back home and back to the same routine. Something so familiar had never felt so strange. She wondered if Luz felt the same way—maybe she should ask her. Take the morning off and have a real heart to heart with her daughter.

Vee's voice broke into her thoughts. "Jaxon has his follow-up this morning, right? Hopefully he tests negative for heartworm now!"

"Right..." Camila said. She had patients to see. Vee had taken such good care of them while she was gone. Not to mention Vee had managed to convince everyone she was Camila, which made her feel slightly better that she had fallen for Vee's portrayal of Luz. Camila knew she couldn't let all of Vee's hard work go to waste. She had responsibilities! But she would make sure to talk with Luz once she got home. Maybe take her out for ice cream. So much had changed, but she was pretty sure her daughter still liked ice cream.

Luz pulled out her phone and handed it to her mother. Camila adjusted her glasses to peer at the screen. It was a website. "ConnectiCon?"

"Yeah! Vee and I want to know if you'll come with us," Luz said. "You're the only one who has been to a convention before—we could use your experience. Plus, it will be fun!"

"Of course I'll go with you, *mija,*" Camila smiled. An alarm went off on her phone. "Oh no, I'm going to be late!" She scrambled to grab her purse and keys as she raced to the front door. "Bye girls!" she called before she slammed the door behind her. Luz and Vee heard the car roar to life and listened as the sound of the engine faded in the distance.

"Time for us to get to work, too!"

✦

After a long day of back-to-back appointments, Camila, tired and covered in various colors of fur, walked through her front door ready to just relax and chat with her girls. Instead, she was greeted by an alien from the Cosmic Frontier franchise. She was proud to say that it only took her a fraction of a second to realize it was not the Grometheus the Fear Bringer that Luz had told her about.

"You look great, Vee!" she said.

"Thanks, Mom!" Vee replied. Her alien face broke into a too-wide-to-be-humanly-possible grin that showed off her new needle-sharp teeth. Her forked tongue snuck out from behind the fangs as she continued, "I spent all day looking at pictures and binge-watching episodes to make sure I got it just right."

Camila peered past Vee into the living room. Old sci-fi magazines lay open and scattered across the carpet. A tower of Cosmic Frontier VHS tapes sat next to the television. Vee's latest doppelganger stared out from the paused screen which was surprising given that Camila had no idea that Vee, or Luz, knew how to work a VCR.

"I can see that," Camila sighed with a smile.

"Sorry, Mom, I'll clean it up!" Vee said. She shook her head a bit and returned to her usual human form.

"Is Mom home?" Luz called from somewhere further inside the house. Before anyone could answer her, she came barreling into the living room. "Take a look at my cosplay! I added a few more details and finishing touches to my Azura Halloween costume—AH!"

Luz skidded into the living room where she slipped on one of the open magazines. She slid across the carpet for a second before she lost her balance and began to fall backwards.

Stringbean shot out from the hallway. She landed right behind Luz and steadied her back to her feet.

"Thanks, Stringbean!"

Luz hugged her snake-shifting palisman, then looked for what she had slipped on. She stared at the ground and Camila watched the smile leave her face in an instant. Luz picked up the stray magazine. It was torn and wrinkled.

"I'm sorry, Mom..."

"It's okay," Camila said, "nothing a little tape can't fix."

Luz perked back up. "Mom, what are you going to wear to the convention?"

"I hadn't thought about that yet..." Camila mused as she placed her purse down on the table. She shrugged her jacket off her shoulders and turned around to hang it up.

"You should definitely cosplay someone from Cosmic Frontier!" Vee said as she collected the scattered magazines off the floor.

"Oh no, cosplaying was Manny's thing, not mine," Camila said.

"Come on, *please* Mom, it'll be fun!" Luz stuck out her lower lip into a pout, opened her eyes as wide as possible, laced her fingers together, and held her interlocked hands out in front of her chest. Vee looked

over at Luz and took her cue. She transformed her face into a pleading dalmatian puppy, big brown eyes and all.

“Hey! That’s not fair! You know dalmatians are my favorite,” Camila laughed. Luz and Vee didn’t let up. They inched closer. Stringbean even joined in on Luz’s shoulder. Vee let out an amazingly convincing whimper. “Alright, alright! I’ll cosplay with you!”

Luz and Vee whooped as Camila walked past them to the boxes they’d brought up from the basement. She dragged the box labeled *‘Manny’s Circuit Cosplay v 2.0 3.0’* closer and opened it. She pulled out the costume and held it up. “Do you think this will work?”

“Is it made entirely from scratch?” Vee asked.

“I think so, why?”

Vee held out her scroll. Camila took it and muttered something about getting old as she enlarged the screen.

“ConnectiCon Craftsmanship Contest—you want me to enter a cosplay competition?” Camila asked.

“Well, I can’t enter because I can’t exactly explain shapeshifting,” Vee said. “But I’ve been watching monster makeup tutorials in case anyone asks too many questions!”

“And the rules say your cosplay has to be entirely handmade from fabric or majorly altered,” Luz chimed in, “which doesn’t exactly work out for me.”

Camila recalled the trip all the Demon Realm kids and Luz took to the local department store. Luz and Amity had been so excited when they found the perfect clothes to use for their Azura and Hecate Halloween costumes.

“I suppose it doesn’t,” Camila said. She sighed fondly. “Yes, I remember watching Manny make this from scratch. He spent an hour in the fabric store picking out the right materials.”

Camila stood up and pressed the legs of the costume against her own. The excess fabric at the bottom of the straight legs bunched down on the floor. “And we’re going to need to make some major alterations to make it fit me. Have any videos for that, Vee?”

“I think I can find some!” Vee replied while burying her nose in her scroll.

Luz walked over to her mother. She reached out and held the sleeve of the costume in her hand. The fabric stretched a bit as she slid her hand down the yellow, almost gold material and came to rest on the black bands at the base of the sleeve.

“Hey, this is the same color as Hunter’s Halloween costume…” However, that’s where the comparisons stopped. This cosplay was much better sewn, not to mention bigger. Her father must have been really good at this.

“Yes,” Camila said, “Chief O’Bailey and Circuit are in the same division.”

“So, their uniforms are the same color,” Vee finished.

“Sounds like I’ve got a lot to learn,” Luz laughed.

“Don’t worry, we’ll help you catch up,” Vee said with a grin.

“Yes, we can binge-watch while we work on this!” Camila exclaimed. Her face flushed a bit with excitement. “But that will be after we go to the fabric store. I’ll make a list of the alterations I need to make and then figure out what supplies to get…”

Luz had never seen her mom this excited. If someone had told her a year

ago that her mother was as enthusiastic of a fan of a TV series as Luz was of The Good Witch Azura, she never would have believed them. She was seeing a whole new side of her—a surprisingly relatable side.

★

After a whirlwind week of binge-watching and sewing, Saturday finally arrived. Camila woke up with the sun. She couldn't remember the last time she had woken up without an alarm and didn't have to drag herself out of bed. She actually felt well-rested and excited to take on the day, like one of those cheesy prescription medication commercials.

Camila left her room to check if the girls were awake yet. She tiptoed down the hallway.

Squeak

Well, that was on her for thinking she could sneak around a house that was older than her. She looked up and saw a pair of reflective eyes in the dark doorway of the hall bathroom.

"Yeah, that squeaky floorboard sure does sneak up on you," Vee said. "Luz is already up by the way."

Camila nodded, then actually thought about what Vee had said. "What do you mean the squeaky floorboard sneaks up on you? Have you been sneaking around in the middle of the night?"

"Um, n-no..." Vee stammered. Even in the low lighting, Camila could see her cheeks flush red. She could probably guess who Vee had been sneaking out to see—Masha.

"What are we talking about?" Luz poked her head out of her room. Camila heard Vee let out a sigh of relief at the interruption.

"Nothing that we can't discuss later," Camila said. Vee squirmed. "Should we get dressed now or wait until after breakfast?"

"Definitely after," Luz said.

★

Vee and Luz walked Camila over to the sign-in area for the cosplay contest. Camila scanned the novice sheet for her name. She scrawled a veterinarian's signature, not much different from a doctor's signature, next to it. The woman behind the table handed her a badge.

The three of them made their way to the main area of the convention hall. It was teeming with people. Creatures and cyborgs swirled around them—it was almost like a staged version of the Demon Realm, though some of the costumes looked extremely realistic. Camila hoped she wouldn't be competing against any of them.

"Well, I'm going to head over to the 'Monster Makeup and Special Effects' panel!" Vee said. She disappeared into the crowd, leaving Camila alone with Luz.

Camila scanned the program for information on Vee's panel. She figured they could meet up with her afterwards for lunch or something. She looked up to see her daughter skimming the program as well.

"Hey, Mom, I think I found some good panels for us!"

"Me too," Camila said. "This *'Fantasy Magic'* panel looks interesting. I bet we could teach them a thing or two!"

Luz smiled, "Oh, definitely! But I thought you would be more interested in *'The Science in Science Fiction'* or *'Cosmic Frontier! Through the Ages.'*"

"No reason we can't go to them all!" Camila said. "Just as long as I have enough time to get to the cosplay judging panel."

Luz nodded and the two of them set off wandering through the halls. Camila attempted to use the convention map and landed them in the middle of the Artist Alley.

"Hey, Circuit!"

Camila turned to see a girl not too much older than Luz sitting behind a

Cosmic Frontier themed merch booth. “Great cosplay,” she said.

“Thanks!” Camila walked closer. She peered over all of the girl’s displays. Cosmic Frontier t-shirts hung behind her and figurines lined the shelves. There were a few plushies of some of the cuter alien characters as well. And of course, there was the obligatory ship art. Camila couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle at that. The merch artist returned her smile. Camila soon found her eye drawn to a revolving display of keychains. She picked out one of the show’s logo. She loved how it sparkled under the overhead lights.

“Good choice,” the artist said. She wrapped up the keychain along with some stickers in a small bag. “Those are on me.”

“Thank you!”

Camila walked over to Luz. Her daughter had wandered over to a display of The Good Witch Azura merch. She caught a peek of the prints Luz bought as the merch artist behind that booth slipped them into a protective sleeve. Ship art. Camila smiled.

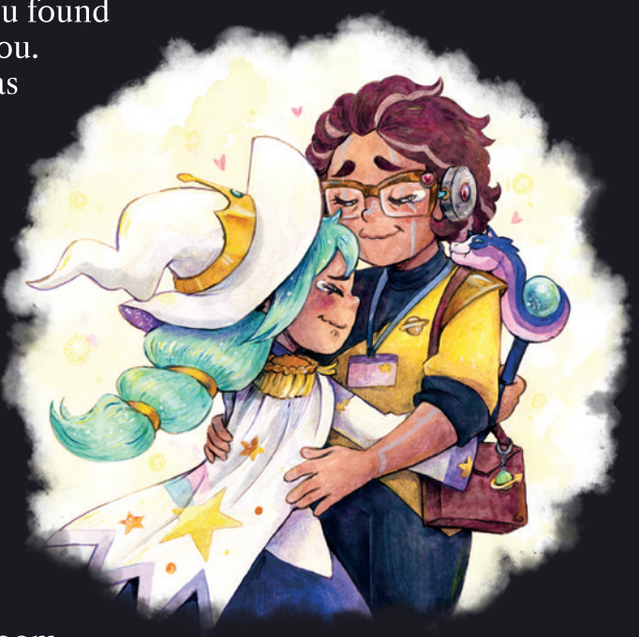
“I forgot how many people you can find at conventions who like the same things as you.”

“Yeah, it’s great isn’t it?” Luz said. When her mother didn’t answer, Luz looked up to see Camila holding back tears. She immediately put two and two together. “You said you had a hard time growing up...”

Camila breathed in deep, “I was bullied a lot. No one wanted to be friends with someone with such ‘childish’ and nerdy interests. So, I tried to fit in by hiding who I really was. And it worked; at least until I said something wrong. I could never figure out what I said wrong, though; and they would never tell me, even when I begged. So, I changed from friend group to friend group. I only ever showed them one controlled, polished, and made-up side of me. I don’t think I ever knew who I really was. But at least that meant they weren’t rejecting the real me. Just a persona I needed to perfect.”

Camila paused. Luz squeezed her hand, then she continued, “I kept up the act all through veterinary school. I learned to wear my mask well enough to achieve my dream of working with animals—creatures who love unconditionally. But when I met your father, he saw through my mask and helped me discover my whole self again. He loved, supported, and understood all of me.”

Now, Camila looked right at Luz, “But you, my love, never cared what people thought of you. You always believed in and stayed true to yourself and you found real friends who care about you. You’re stronger than I ever was and you inspire me each and every day, *mija.*”



Luz fought back tears of her own. She hugged her mother tightly but was soon interrupted by her phone’s alarm.

“We have to get you over to the judging panel!”

Luz grabbed Camila’s hand and led her through the throng of convention goers. They made it to the judging room with a minute to spare.

“Thank you, Luz.”

“I’m coming in to cheer you on! I know you can win this!”

Camila smiled and embraced her daughter. “I don’t need to win anything. I already know I’m a winner, thanks to you.”

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The Good Witch Luz

Written by Clovariia
Illustrated by Astrolavas

"That's the one."

The Gravesfield cemetery is quiet and still in the warm spring air. Luz leads the way through the collection of bittersweet memories, and she's the first to point out the headstone they've been searching for. Her gift-filled backpack sags with the weight of what she's planning on doing, and her hands are tightly clenched against a bundle of freshly picked flowers. When she arrives at the grave, she brushes some stray curls away from her face.

"So this is him?" Vee asks quietly. The picnic basket in her hands wavers alongside her nervous voice, and she almost drops it. "This place is really...gloomy."

Luz gets down on her knees and sits on the grass. New sprouts are poking out of the dirt and rubbing against her black pants, but she pays no mind to any of it . She places her flowers in front of the headstone and musters her bravest smile.

"I know it's been a long time since I last visited, Dad...I'm really sorry about that," she says. "But I promise I've got a good explanation! One that I think you'd be super happy to know about!"

Her mother and non-Titan brother show up a few moments after the two sisters; Hunter had insisted on wearing his most formal suit, despite how much Camila told him he didn't have to dress up for this, and he needed her to help with his tie. The two hold hands and encourage each other

forward towards something only one of them fully understands.

"You seem so eager today, *mija,*" Camila teases. Her free hand is filled with matching flowers. "I guess you really do have a lot to say this time, huh?"

Luz looks up at her mother and beams with the kind of strength that only she can ever have. She was never able to keep herself together this well during their previous visits, but a lot has changed since then. *She's* changed since then.

"Of course I do! Maybe a little too much, actually..."

Trips to Manny Noceda's grave are some of the hardest days for Luz. But today, with the gentle smile on her mature face and the sunshine beaming against her back, she barely resembles the uncertain little girl who tearfully visited here in the past. Camila is prouder of Luz than she'll ever be able to express— but she's certainly still going to try.

Vee lingers behind her mother, almost as if she's hiding from the reality in front of her. Just as she always does, though, Luz coaxes her into the light and nudges her closer to the headstone.

"You two can introduce yourselves while Mom and I set up the picnic stuff," Luz suggests. Suddenly receiving Luz's attention makes Hunter flinch; Camila rubs a thumb over his scarred hand. "You're both more than just regular guests, y'know."

Fallen leaves crunch under Vee's shoes as she approaches the father she never got to meet. Hunter drifts from Camila's reassuring grasp and follows Vee. The two switch places with Luz, who gets up to prepare their lunch with their mother.

"Since you were adopted first, I think you should go first," Hunter says. Vee can't quite tell if this is genuine or if it's just his attempt to buy himself more time. Perhaps it's a bit of both. "I've been planning out what I'm going to say all week, but it feels weird to actually *be* here."

With a nod, Vee looks back at the headstone she's sitting in front of. She digs through her purse until she finds her gift at the bottom. It's piled under a myriad of old receipts and sticky notes. The little keychain in her hands sparkles in the light. It's shaped like a tiny pool ball, and a bold *"5"* is printed on its orange surface like a nametag. It used to be attached to her phone.

"Um... I'm Vee. And I guess..." she trails off. "...I guess you're my dad. Luz has told me a bunch about you, but I wish we could've actually met."

It's difficult to find the words for what she wants to say, and it's even more painful to miss someone she never got to know.

Hunter picks up on the tension, and it makes him lean closer to Vee's side. He's never been good at hugs, but he's still determined to give her affection. After their intertwined childhoods with the same creator, they've had to work hard to resemble normal siblings. They've been brought closer together through traumas that were intended to tear them apart.

"You're doing good," he tells her. He sounds like an older brother— he *is* one by now. "Remember the advice Luz gave us? Just say what you feel."

Vee clears her throat and continues.

"I wanted to leave this here for you. Mom gave it to me a long time ago, back when I wasn't sure who I was yet," she explains. She carefully places the keychain next to Luz's flowers. "I think I finally know now, and it's thanks to your family. Or I guess... *our* family."

Vee rests her head on Hunter's shoulder and he gives her a supportive smile. He's never been good at those either, but the fact that he's trying is

enough.

“I think Luz will want to tell the full story herself,” he says. “She was... a big part of it.”

They both know he’s massively understating it, but there’s just no way to neatly summarize the impact their sister has had on them. It’d be like trying to seal light away into a dark box.

Before she met Luz, Vee never imagined herself living a life like this one. She never imagined herself *living* at all. Surviving was her only objective and the only thing she knew.

Now, only a year after escaping the fate she was forced into, the faint sounds of her sister and mother chatting make her feel alive in a place full of death. She looks back at them and smiles a little at the simple sight of them arranging a picnic blanket. A family meal is just the thing they all need right now.

She’s found herself *and* her home in Gravesfield, and she owes everything to the father she never met for building the foundations of its love.

“You should give him your gift too,” Vee reminds Hunter. “You worked really hard on it.”

A sudden gust of wind makes a few leaves fall past their faces. It sends a chill of anxiety down their spines and Hunter shivers from more than just the cold. A distant memory from his youth, one where he wrapped a Golden Guard cape around himself to hide away from his fears, flashes into the back of his mind. A long gone childhood seems to belong to another person entirely when he lifts himself up from the dirt, the same way he entered the world in the first place, and gets to his feet.

He approaches the gravestone with unsteady steps, like there’s some part of him that still quietly believes he isn’t supposed to be a part of this— a part of a family.

“I’m Hunter. I’m so honored to finally introduce myself to you...”

He pauses for a moment, hesitant words caught in his throat. And then, after a lifetime of holding his breath, he’s finally able to let the one thing he’s always wanted to say out of his heart.

“...Dad.”

It’s a delicate and foreign label. It’s one that’s been forbidden for a lifetime. It’s one that seems to rip his soul out when he whispers it. It feels *right*, because he’s finally saying it to a person who deserves it.

Then, a bird chirps from a nearby tree branch and Hunter’s entire body tenses up like ice.

It isn’t the first time this has happened, and it certainly won’t be the last either— but this time, he isn’t alone.

Vee will never fully know how to deal with these moments of anxiety; nobody will, not even Hunter. But when she wraps her arms around him and leans her face into his warm back, just being there can be enough.

Hunter’s heart pounds in his chest, and he’s surrounded by love inside and out. Vee’s silent touch tells him that he’s going to be okay; the faint fluttering of golden wings against his Galdorstone tells him that they’re *all* going to be okay.

The name on the headstone in front of them gives him the final strength he needs, and he regains his composure with the courage of a true Noceda family member.

“I wasn’t going to bring this up yet, but I guess I should,” he says. “Part of why Luz and I understand each other is because... we’ve both lost someone important to us. Someone who made us a better person.”

Vee loosens her grip now that he’s breathing again. She scoots back and gives him room to feel what he needs to, but he instinctively reaches out for her hand once she lets go of him.

“Are you okay?” she asks. She’s quiet and caring, and the golden love in his chest seems to swell from her affection.

Hunter nods and carries on.

"I'll never fully know what she's gone through, but if she's anything like you are, then you must've been really special." Hunter speaks to his father like he's able to reply. Maybe he still can as an echo in Luz's memories. "She helped me save myself, and I think you saved her too. So thank you... for helping me. For helping *all* of us."

Instead of the typical flora, Hunter searches through his pocket and places fabric in front of the headstone. It's a colorful patch that was sewn by hand, and it's shaped like a logo from Cosmic Frontier. The crooked stitches are the cause of the flimsy bandages wrapped around his fingers, and they match his lopsided smile.

"I made this for you!" he says. Hunter's mouth turns up into a bigger grin, and Vee giggles as he begins to explain all the little details of his nerdy work.

Several feet away, Luz picks flowers and doesn't even hear all the praise being thrown towards her. She's more loved than she knows, and so is her father. Now that she's finished setting up the food for the picnic, Camila approaches her.

"We already brought so many flowers. I'm surprised you're picking more."

Luz shrugs a little. "It's tradition to get some from here too. You can never have too many, after all."

Camila sits down beside her, hands resting on her knees, and finally asks the question that's been hanging between them for longer than either of them would want to admit.

"You were in the Demon Realm for the last

anniversary, so...did you do anything for it?"

Shaky hands clench the dull green weeds, and Luz is transported back to a day by a pink tree that changed everything.

"...With Amity, yeah. But it wasn't the same," she says. "I wish you were there. I wish *I* was *here* that day. I'm sorry I left you alone for it."

"I wasn't alone. I had Vee," Camila tells her. She cups Luz's cheek in her hand, the same way she always did whenever Luz was sad as a child. "And I'm just glad you had someone too, *mija.*"

The silence of the cemetery pricks at Luz's skin like knives and she twists her hands together. The routine she used to have with her mother was comfortingly familiar. Every year, they would do the same thing on the same day at the same place. Everything was the *same.*

Now *nothing* is the same, and her father isn't around to see anything that's changed.

Cosmic Frontier merchandise has been freed from its storage boxes and displayed in the basement that's become a new nerd's home. The top bunk of Luz's bed, the one that was purchased when her parents were making futile prayers for a second child, has a tail peeking over it every night. The photos on the walls of the Noceda home have new members standing next to the original two who look entirely different from the pictures of the past.

It's all brutally bittersweet. Tears spill from the corners of Luz's eyes when the weight of her changed reality becomes too much to carry alone.

"I really miss him," she practically squeaks out. "So much has happened, and he isn't here to see any of it. I'll never know what he would think about all of this...or about *me.*"

Camila stares at her, really *looks* at her in a way she never could a year ago, and sees through Luz's soul. It only takes an instant for her to make the right decision; she finds what they both need in the picnic basket. Her daughter crumbles in front of her once again— but this time, Camila

hands her a book instead of a camp pamphlet.

“Remember when he gave you this?” she asks. “Do you remember what he said?”

Luz holds *The Good Witch Azura* with a fragile heart and grass-stained palms. It’s the one thing that never changes, but it isn’t the only thing she can rely on anymore.

“He told me that Azura reminded him of me,” she says. “... And that he wanted me to find people who’d make me feel the way Azura’s friends make *her* feel.”

“And did you do that?” Camila adds. She reaches over to wipe at Luz’s tears. Her gentle smile makes Luz nod. “Then I’m sure he would be very proud of you. I know I am.”

When Luz was a child, she wanted to learn magic. She wanted to become a witch. She wanted to be something *special.* Above all else, she wanted to feel understood— and after everything, in the flower-filled cemetery with the new person her mother has bloomed into, she finally does.

“Te quiero, mamá.”

The weight of Luz’s grief for her father is overwhelming, and maybe it always will be. But when her mother leads her by the hand to his headstone, when Vee and Hunter watch her frown shift into a confident smile, she’s reminded that her pain comes from the weight of her huge heart. It’s love that she’s always had in her, and it’s love that she receives from more people than she ever could have imagined the day she read the first page of *The Good Witch Azura.*

Luz places the book that started it all next to a family photo from Camila and continues the adventure that her father began.

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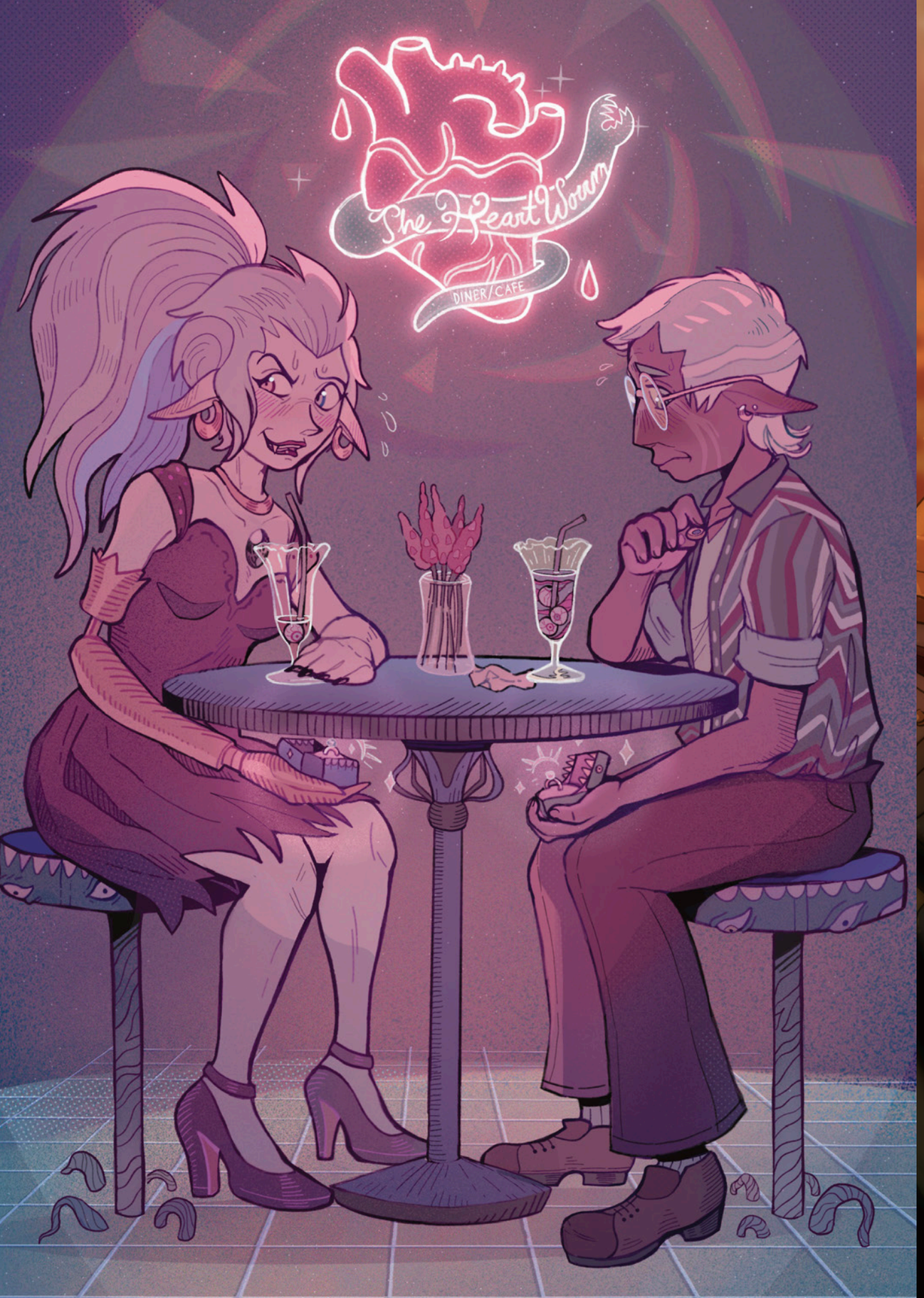
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Contributor Credits

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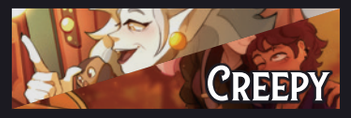

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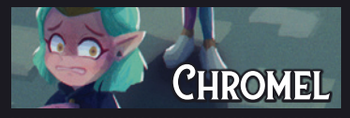

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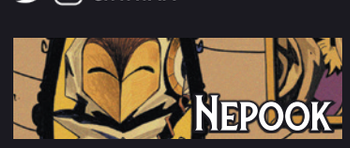

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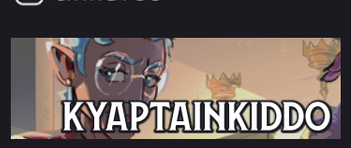

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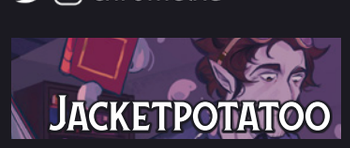

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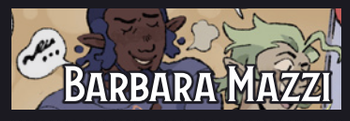

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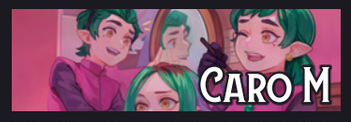

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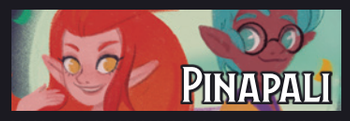

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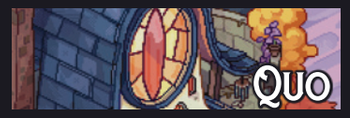

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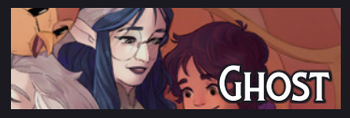

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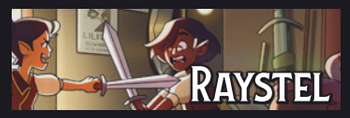

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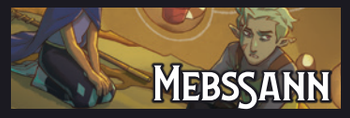

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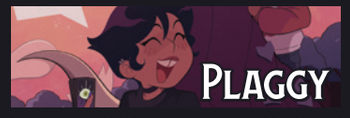

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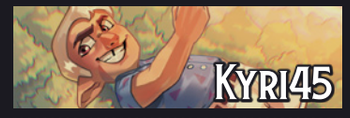

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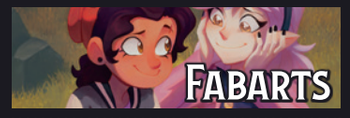

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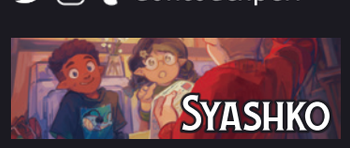

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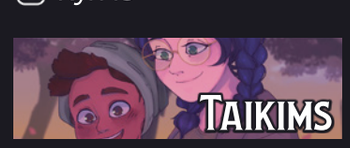

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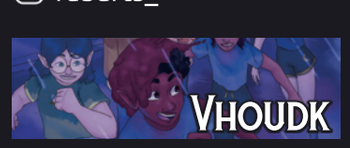

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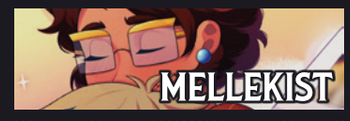

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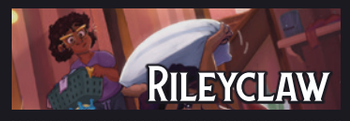

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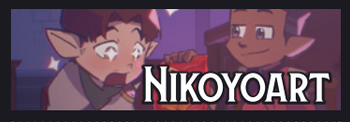

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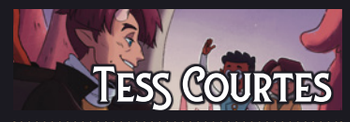

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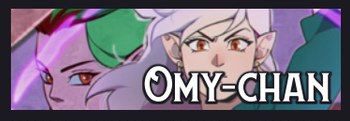

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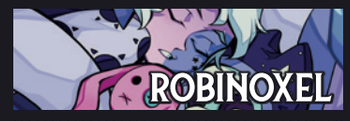

robinoxel

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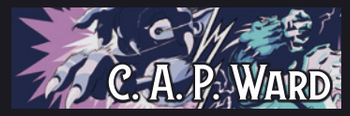

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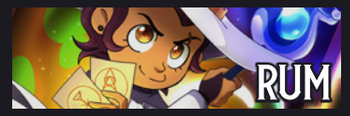

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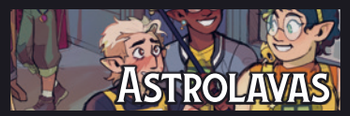

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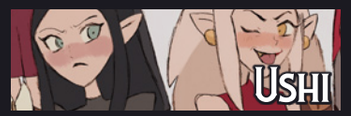

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orcawhvle

Sins of a Father
by Taruchinator 18-27

taruchinator

A Witch Finds Her True Way
by Beckers522 50-59

Beckers522

Human Games
by SketchyWolf 87-97

sketchywolf

The Good Witch Luz
by clovariia 127-135

clovariia

Mistakes are about Learning Lessons
by themadauthoress13 35-43

themadauthoress13

The Case of the Missing Clawthornes
by Calamity 65-76

theowlenby

The Brighter Side of Gray
by Kaitlyn 105-113

sotellmethestory

Merchandise Showcase

Major Arcana Tarot Deck

Treii

Ellimation

Pinapali

Kichi

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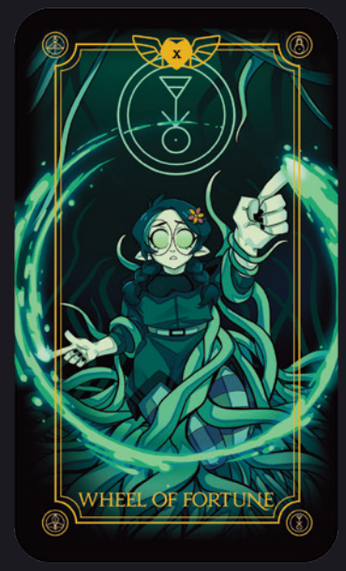
Lin



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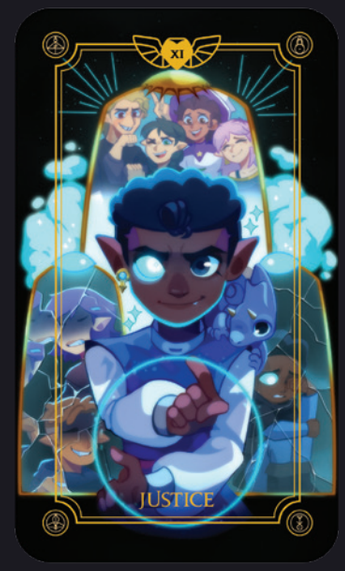


Mercurio_unu

Omy-chan

Ushi

Mellekist

passionpeachy

kyaptainkiddo

BiankatDraws

C.A.P. Ward

Cinnavee

Grav

Mebssann

JustWiffer

Raystel

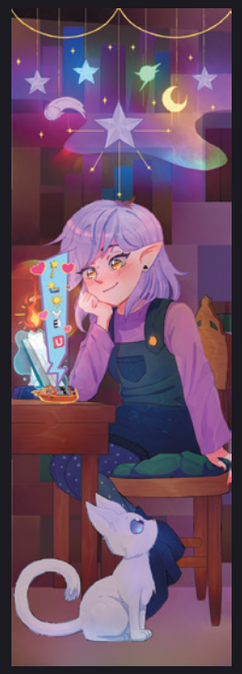
Chromel

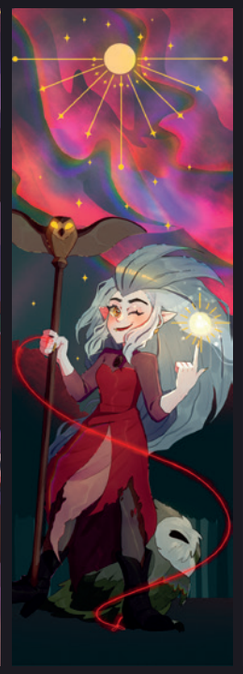
Kichi

Washi Tape, Sticker & Pin

Pinceau Arc-en-Ciel

pinceauarcenciel





Book-marks

Baek

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Polaroids

Red

redpksp

Lin

FRUIITLINS

Standee & Charm

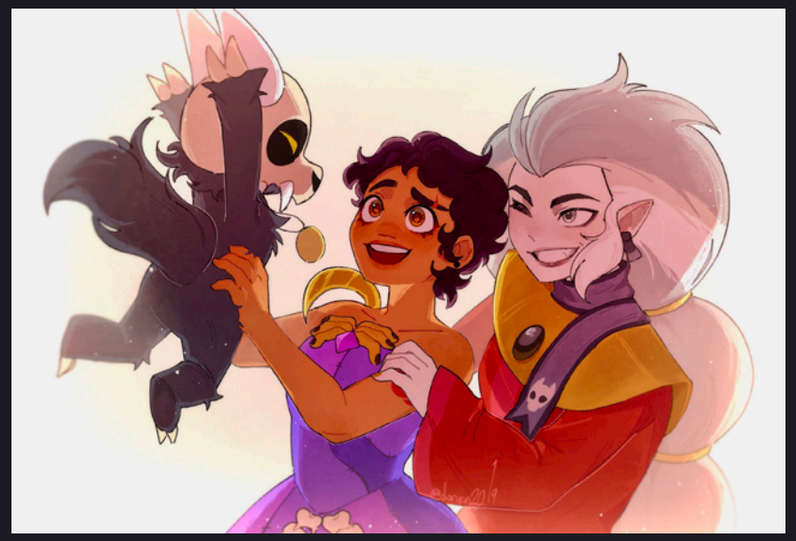
Theaartsz

Theaartsz

Stickersheet & Charm

Caro M

caro.martinez6



Print

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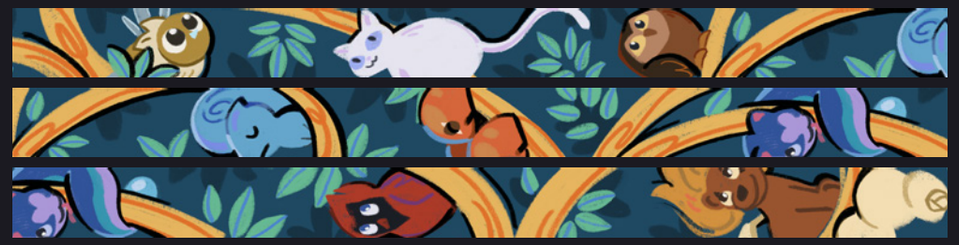

Lanyard & Notepad

Apoorva

lynvaren

Magnet & Star Buttons

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Prints

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with love from the

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Mod Daily
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moddaily

Mod Yo
Finance/Production
yoyomakes

Mod Alice
Beta/Social Media
taruchinator

Mod Kichi
Graphics/Art
crowcreations

Mod LTreat
Graphics/Layout
ltreat

Mod Cherry
Shipping
tbzdcherry

A whole chapter of my life was over...

but a new one was *just beginning!*

WELCOME